



NOTHING
EVER
HAPPENS IN
BALTIMORE



Wayne Newton—Merriweather Post Pavilion. 8:30 P.M.

Saturday, September 12

"Meat"—Bluesette

"Matrix"—Blues Back Alley

Practice rock climbing—Bardero Ck. 9:00 A.M. Call Robinson—338-1552.

Wayne Newton—Merriweather Post Pavilion. 8:30 P.M.

Sunday, September 13

Bunker Hill to Pretty Boy Dam trail clearing. Call Mary Eberhardt—472-2420.

Jam session—Bluesette

TO HAVE ITEMS INCLUDED IN THE
CALENDAR: call 243-2150, or write
"HARRY"
233 E. 25th Street
Baltimore, Md. 21218

Monday, August 31

Army Field Band
Concert—Merriweather Post Pavilion.
Free. 8:30 P.M.

"Malcolm" by Edw.
Albee—Spotlighters. 8:30 P.M.

Maryland State Fair—Timonium
Fairgrounds

Tuesday, September 1

Maryland State Fair

Mt. Royal Democratic Club—Deuches
House. Free food & band. 8:00 P.M.

Wednesday, September 2

Maryland State Fair

"Matrix"—No Fish Today. 9:00 P.M.
Min. age 21

"Educational"—Balto. Labor
Committee. 7:30 P.M.

Student Meeting—Levering Hall, Johns
Hopkins University. 8:00 P.M.

Thursday, September 3

Maryland State Fair

Community Supper—Stoney Run
Friend's Meeting House. Bring Food

Friday, September 4

Maryland State Fair

"Crank"—Bluesette

"Alley Blues Band"—Blues Back Alley

Babaja Kiega Yoga—2912 N. Calvert,
243-6910. 6:30 P.M.

Bobby Sherman—Merriweather Post
Pavilion. 7:00 P.M.

Saturday, September 5

"Procreation"—Bluesette

"Matrix"—Blues Back Alley

Fifth Dimension—Merriweather Post
Pavilion. 8:30 P.M.

Maryland State Fair

Sunday, September 6

Jam session—Bluesette

Maryland State Fair

Monday, September 7

Maryland State Fair

Tuesday, September 8

Maryland State Fair

Wednesday, September 9

Maryland State Fair

"Matrix"—No Fish Today. 9:00 P.M.
Min. age 21

"Educational"—Balto. Labor
Committee. 7:30 P.M.

Student Meeting—Levering Hall, Johns
Hopkins University. 8:00 P.M.

Thursday, September 10

Community Supper—Stoney Run
Friend's Meeting House. Bring Food.

Friday, September 11

"Aubrey Circle"—Bluesette

"Alley Blues Band"—Blues Back Alley

Babaja Kiega Yoga—2912 N. Calvert,
243-6910. 6:30 P.M.

Blues Back Alley, 2439 N. Charles St.,
476-4404, 2-6 a.m. \$2.

Bluesette, 2439 N. Charles St.,
467-4404, 8-12 p.m., Fri. and Sat. \$2,
Sun. \$1.

Famous Ballroom, 1717 N. Charles
St., 727-8620

No Fish Today, 610 N. Eutaw St.,
669-4340

Stoney Run Friends Meeting House,
5116 N. Charles St., 433-8212.

Johns Hopkins University, Charles St.
and 34th, 366-3300.

Merriweather Post Pavilion,
Columbia, Md., 730-2424

Spotlighters, 817 St. Paul, 752-1225

Deutsches Haus
1212 Cathedral St.



God	944-2540
HARRY	243-2150
HARRY's Aunt	366-2281
Black Panther Party	342-8536
Youth Interest Program	366-7188
Women's Liberation	366-6475
Free Clinic	467-9488
Underground Switchboard	685-2770
Fellowship of Lights	685-2770
Legal Aid	539-5340
Dial-A-Fascist	621-7171
AFSC Draft Counseling	366-7200
People's Action Center	889-0065

Bluesette

September

4 - Crank

5 - Procreation

11 - Aubrey Circle

12 - Meat

LIVE UNDERGROUND MUSIC
FRI. & SAT 8-12 JAM SESSION
SUN 8-12

New group looking for Second Tennor. Call 462-6781 before 3:00 and ask for Charlie Brown.

D-18 Martin & Hardshell 1 yr. old \$350. or best offer. 366-5896.

Brothers and sisters at Lansdown Hillcrest Park (behind Lansdown H.S.) are being continuously hassled by pigs. Last week two boys were busted for 'loitering', one of whom was blind. A rally is being planned for Sun. Sept. 13 at the park (at 3rd Ave. & Lansdown Rd.) Speakers & groups are wanted. There is a lake and fountains to cool off in. Come and stay as late as you can (it's usually closed at night). Yippies!

For Sale: Electric Guitar with Fender Telecaster, Maple Neck, Bixby tailpiece, natural finish, \$175. Also Amp., 1 custom built cabinet with 2 12" Jensens, 15" JBL speaker. 367-4014-Rick.

OFFICE FOR RENT: on 25th St.-300 blk. 3 rooms, 900 sq. ft. Panelled walls, fluorescent lights. \$90. mo. Call HARRY 243-2150

FOR SALE: Candle making equipment! Has-wax, dye, hot plate, tons of wax, pots etc. \$10- cheap! Michele 366-2281.

WILL WHITE please get in touch with me. I would like to see you. I still live at the Sarrill Apts. Miss you, Jackie.

Looking for Ross Murphy (about Kenny)-Debbie, call 833-1738. Very Important.

Young bachelor, mod. to lib. will tour N.E. states Sept. 4-11. Same wanted to share expenses and driving in foreign car. HARRY Box 1112.

Band auditions held weekly. All groups invited. For details call-467-4404, ask for Jim Hayman.

For Sale: Rubber life raft w/paddle-\$15. 16 mm. Craig editor-best offer. Goose neck scythe-\$15. John Bufano, 2901 N. Charles, 467-8279. Prices subject to change.

FREE cuddly kitten-664-9034 after 6:00 ask for Cris.

For Sale: Farfisa Combo Compact Organ & Amp. Good condition. \$375-Max 764-1159.



Howdy Duty would like to apologize to the people who came to see them at Stuart Elementary School for Project Unite. There was a mix-up on directions, and for this reason we failed to appear. We will perform at the next project Unite benefit Aug. 30.

Help! Lonely for femal companionship and love. Kind of a freak who's searching. It would be nice to meet some spacy, freaky, chick. Call Greg-947-2438. Peace.

For Sale: Boys 20" high-rise bike & 22 pc. socket set w/2 ratchets. Dave, 828-5731.

Band seeking place to practice. Possibly in country. Call Mike, 764-8053.

Forming Band. Looking for musicians, bass, drums, piano-maybe. Funny good time music. Glenn-945-5934.

FOR SALE: Masterwork Stereophonic 4 Speaker portable record player. Perfect condition, only four years old. Worth more than \$200, yours for only \$90 or best offer. Call 752-5429.

Female nude & semi-nude models wanted. App. over 18 yrs. Serious inquiries only. Call Chuck after 5 P.M., 837-0372.

DAN BERRIGAN RECORD ALBUM * America is Hard to Find. Poetry readings and rock festival music from Cornell. A collector's item for only \$3.00. Exclusively at MUSIC LIBERATED, 422 N. Charles St.

For Sale: Mamy 1000 DTL w/1.4 auto lens in case \$125. 276-3649 ask for Al.

Four rare migratory polydactyl jungle cats in immature yet precocious state. Both sexes equally represented. Will be given free to best offer. For more information call Kathy at 243-2150 or after 6 at 327-9248.

To Nancy-from girl with the flowered suitcase. Find me. I need help.

Free kittens-276-3649.

Call long distance anywhere east of the Miss. Talk as long as you want-\$1.00 a call. Call 687-8352 after 6 P.M. except for Tues. and Thurs. Ask for Harper.

Call Senator McCourt for free kitties-red & black Tabbies-MUS-2533.

Wanted: 4 good looking males to do photos. Call Jane, 465-3946.

OFF CAMPUS COMMUNAL LIVING' Now available, a DIRECTORY OF AMERICA'S COMMUNES, including many near colleges and universities. Over 150 listings from California to Florida, Canada included. Send \$1.00 to: BROTHERHOOD, P.O. Box 1677, Coral Gables, Fla. 33134.

I am in desperate need of photos of John Sebastian. Anyone having spare photos call Randi at 484-3964.

1955 Chevrolet milk truck w/furniture-good cond. Call George 686-4933.

Family of 5 dropping out, must find commune with room or house to house commune or just house. Know such things can't be rushed, but rush anyway. Call 269-0800 ext. 428 (weekdays) or write Ned Green, 6 King Charles Place, Annapolis, Md. 21401.

Marty I want the world to know I love you, Debi.

Gay guy, 20, 5'10", 135 lbs., musician, intelligent, charming, wants to meet other interesting gay guys for fun in the Greek fashion. Boxholder, P.O. Box 3253, Baltimore, Md. 21228.

Is there anywhere in Northwest Baltimore or the County a groovy house with inner space (like 3 bedrooms), outer space (grass, trees), and peace? To rent for a year? Call Zack or any of us three at 356-4492.

Leaving for Europe, must find homes for free, cuddly, cosmic kittens. Also free: extremely intelligent, affectionate, black female w/white markings and exquisite, gentle, gray female. Ideal for children. 467-5998 or 338-1186.

For Sale: Messerschmitt. Very far-out little 3-wheel bubble car. Needs work, but has great potential. \$500. Max-764-1159.

Freaky couple looking for rustic, peaceful, luxury pad in country. Must be far out. Call 323-8517.

Going to College Park-need a roommate (male), car preferred-\$40. month. Call Craig 664-3967 (Balto.).

'63 V.W. Squareback, damaged but runs good. \$225. 987-0291.

Older man, Sugar Daddy Type, wants to meet young chick for love, friendship and boating-write WHITEY, c/o HARRY Box 007.

Experimental theatre opening in Blatimore needs materials for renovation of building and opening of first production. If you have anything to give or throw away, call us first. All donations, monetary or otherwise, gratefully appreciated. Call 539-6824.

HARRY cats FREE! 2nd generation head cats. Call HARRY's Aunt-366-2281.

Artist freak needs full or part time job. Unemployment checks have run out. Can do layout, illustration, paste up, cartoons, posters, logos, display, etc. Fine art as well as commercial. Call 539-6824.

FOR SALE: 1959 V.W. body, some engine parts also. Call Tom at 433-8227.

Any G.I. still interested in a G.I. collective call George, 686-4933.

Live-in baby sitter needed to care for 2 & 4 year boys. Must be over 18 & responsible, settled and capable of coping with various situations. Own room, board & small salary. Ref. needed-call 467-4404 & ask for Sharon.

Mike: ((Gemini)) that I met at the ocean. PLEASE call, stop by, or even write. I promise not to get locked out of the house. FOR YOU BLUE. Donna.



a sophisticated political analysis:

oblique nite mltico subecond olus uclho lmoctn ol nheclmo conlli hmoce omclchu lo nscmhl mltzn snho lmoctn conlli zeln nscmhl nscmhl ol nscmhl lmoctn: snho mltzn nscmhl hmoce omclchu zeln zeln conllho ol nscmhl lmoctn snho mltzn nscmhl lmoce omclchu lo nscmhl hmoce omclchu ncl nclmlo ocmhl lmoctn snho mltzn obllmctn nltz mltzo snheoml olus nclm lmoctn ol nheclmo conlli hmoce omclchu lo nscmhl mltzn snho lmoctn: conllho zeln nscmhl nscmhl ol nscmhl lmoctn snho mltzn nscmhl hmoce omclchu zeln zeln conllho ol nscmhl lmoctn snho mltzn nscmhl lmoce omclchu lo nscmhl hmoce omclchu ncl zeln nclm lmoctn snho mltzn obllmctn nltz mltzo snheoml olus nclm lmoctn ol nheclmo conlli

see p. 95



TO HELLER

& BACK

It is obvious from reading his review of *Catch 22* that Elliott Sirkin: 1) has never been in the army; 2) doesn't know anyone who has ever been in the army; 3) is totally oblivious to the fact that the ultimate facists in Amerika wear army uniforms; 4) all of the above.

He misses the entire point of both book and movie. Neither have anything to do with protest but tell the brutal, tragic story of the army. *Catch 22* is timeless; as valuable now as in the fifties because it tells this horrible story. Even *Time Magazine*, normally a pig vanguard, perceives *Catch 22* as a tragedy not a comedy, and praises Mike Nichols for capturing this. It is surprising that Sirkin's review is for underground radical newspapers and fails to understand this. It would have been a good review for say the *Spiro Agnew Monthly*. In fact he sounds like Spiro attacking as absurd something that is the cold hard truth.

I was in the military and did not laugh once throughout the entire movie, nor did any of my friends who were in the army. All of us got very uptight after watching the movie about the army of 1970. The "pack of odd vignettes—very few of the skits get much of anything across but their meaninglessness" is just what the army and the war in Asia is all about. It is daily relived as a pack of weariless

odd, and very tragic vignettes. *Catch 22* is very much alive. Yossarian's continual flashback to the death of a comrade is relived daily by thousands of Vietnam veterans. The black market dealings of Col. Cathcardt, and Lt. Milo Minderbender and even the death of Nately because of them, is recounted daily in Vietnam. Even the American pigs have arrested officers and NCOs for profiteering.

Sirkin says "the action has no clear center, it just swirls around on what seems to be thousands of independent axes." This is an accurate description of life in the army and in Vietnam beautifully captured by Joseph Heller in W.W. II. The reviewer calls the personalities of the actors who portray the general, colonel and others "too dried out and too shrill" without realizing that is a good description of the lifer pigs who run the army of 1970.

He says Yossarian is "appearing in an 'absurdist' picture" and "that what he's doing isn't supposed to be 'real'." It is quite real Mr. Sirkin, and the absurdity of it all makes for such a great tragedy.

He says "a puffy brigadier general who's always ordering soldiers to be taken out and gunned down, a chaplain who's uptight about God, commanding officers who are more interested in promotions and glory

than they are in the lives of their men—they, and their equivalents in the world beyond the army have been targets for so long now that they've become monotonous." that statement is Sirkin's mind blower. If they are so fucking monotonous, why do they still run the country and the army. Sirkin speaks like a child never having seen the real rotten world. We have all seen our friends die, or get maimed, or get jailed, or get fucked because of

commanding officers (99 44/100% do this) putting their promotions and glory ahead of the lives of their men. This /S the army Mr. Jones. What, Mr. Sirkin, is the difference between Col. Cathcardt continuing to raise the number of combat missions, and a Major in Vietnam, telling his colonel that all his helicopters can fly, when his chief mechanic tells him that two are disabled, and then when all go up; one of the two crashes from mechanical failure killing 8 men? Eight lives Mr. Sirkin! How's that grab your fucking mind. Maybe it's time you stopped intellectually masturbating and learned about the real world. Maybe it's time you came off your ego trip.

If *Catch 22* was a protest movie, it would look pretty worn in 1970 but it isn't Sirkin says it could never have been good. It is GREAT. It is the first accurate portrayal of the tragedy that is life in the army in 1970. That's why HARRY's readers should flock to see it, and then go out to change it so that *Catch 22* will indeed become out dated.

Yossarian



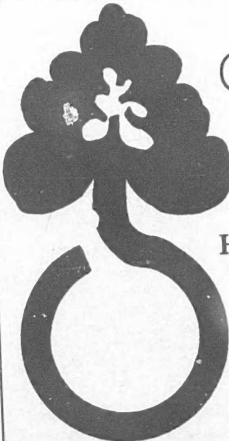
Goose Lake

continued from p. 12

the bands who play in the park for free because they want to make music rather than dollars. Enjoy the music you like. Don't buy the star system; it's as plastic as the stuff it is marketed on.

Part IV: Chorus
People: it's your music; take it over! If it is their version, don't dance to it. Free music is the voice of free people. You are not free in a concentration camp, no matter how famous the bands, how available the dope. Don't forget that outside the wall the war against youth goes on. Tear down the walls! Power to the people's music!

from the L.A. Free Press



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BALMER SOUND

I don't know what Biff Rose is. (I have an idea who he is.) I know what he'll be. He'll be mayor of Bolton Hill. "I have secret fascist designs," he says. "to be mayor and have Bolton Hill secede from the city, the state, the nation! There'll be big signs like for 'Greater Baltimore.'" "You Are Now Entering More or Lesser Baltimore," Biff Rose is a singer and a piano player and a comedian born in New Orleans and says his spiritual home is Baltimore. I mean, he WANTED to be in Balmer Sound. He came here ten years ago with the Army to Ft. Meade and played the Flambeau and the Blue Dog-banjo and stand-up comedy—and sometime around 1962 or 3 he became a real freak. Out in California somewhere, I guess. "Baltimore," he says, "Babe Ruth and Edgar Allen Poe...and me."

Biff Rose played the nightclub circuit around the country for a long time. I don't know where the banjo went. He plays the piano in some original brand of honky-tonk and show tune combination. He changes key a lot and sings the songs he writes. Funny songs and songs about love and pretty serious songs. His voice takes off into a weird falsetto range and he

giggles. He's been on Johnny Carson a dozen times and he always looked happy. He's stayed away from the hype. He waited a long time for the two records he has out. "The Thorn in Mrs. Rose's Side" and "Children of Light." And he'll have a third one now soon. I've been digging him for a couple of years and he's a star to me. I asked him about that and he said he thought he'd gotten too close to hype with the Carson show—the atmosphere that surrounds that production. But he doesn't project that. You know, I wanted to go interview a star. We talked about that. Couldn't decide whether he was a star or not. Definitely decided it didn't matter and the interview got all fucked-up as an interview. I lost my pad. Couldn't think of any interview things to ask for awhile. His favorite color is blue. He always blew it. That's HIS line. He's the comedian. You have to be a comedian to get away with a line like that. Biff Rose's favorite foods are Heinz Custard Pudding and Crabs. He says it's a crab city, a crab nation, love of home, etc., very Cancer. Biff himself is a Libra. That about petered out the interview.

My first impression, when I heard Biff Rose in 1968 was that he was an acid-head Tom Leher. We drank some tea. Biff is living in a very modest apartment on Johns Street—an upright piano and a kitchenette. He can run across the street to the Sutton Place plastic paradise and get food, anything else, then back to Johns Street and his music. He's living in Baltimore for awhile, for a couple of months. He played a song about Jesus and making love all the time. Tom Leher and Lord Buckley are his influences.

When he talks it's like when he sings sort of breathless and a giggle, voice trailing off into unusual tonal ranges. But he listens so well. It's hard to get him to talk, he's so busy listening. And very spaced. Not the empty Frisco spaced left over in Haight-Asbury, but talking when I came in about Huey Newton, the forceful things that Huey Newton had to say. Still spaced. He's been a hippie like we all have. He said, "a couple years ago I wanted to be a chatty-hippy doll, just pull the string and the right words'd come out. 'Groovey...outasite...far fucking out...oh...wow.'" The whole Biff Rose process, far from a mind-fuck, is a head rest. At the bar in the Bolton Hall Dinner Theater I'd been waiting to meet Biff and his manager, the Right Reverend Mac, a real Reverend of the First M ile Calvary Baptist Church, (a red Volkswagen bus) comes out of the kitchen with food for us and takes us over to see Biff—Bernie and Igor Givotosky and I. Bernie'd met him before and told us about how Biff had looked in 1962 at the Blue Dog. Bernie had been 12. Biff had been straight. Maybe he's beyond the hype. His work can be praised but it can't be blown up bigger than life. It's human scale. It provokes wisdom, not orgasm. I mean laughter is wisdom. I mean being a human and acting human is wisdom. I don't think that can be blown up into pop idolatry. And I wouldn't be worried if it could.

Bernie and Igor drew on my interview pad. People came over. The little place was lit with a dozen candles. I played in one until the wax was up to my second knuckle. Someone hit me for some spare change. We told him all sorts of new places he had to go in town. He invited us back. I went to get an interview and made a friend.

by P. J. O'Rourke



This time, HARRY's Fumbling Funk Gourmet ran into a bummer. Upon the recommendation of the writer of the last Funk Gourmet, I visited the Maryland Square Restaurant, a dive on Franklin St. just west of Howard.

I usually like to go to dives. Generally stoned. Dives are inhabited by some of the strangest people on the planet. Except for the Maryland Restaurant.

Dives usually have pretty good food. The place may be a little dirty (and the food may be a little dirty), but dives are homey. Except for the Maryland Square Restaurant.

This place is a dive, but the wrong kind. It's got bad food which takes forever to find its way to your table, bad prices, surly waitresses, and ominous vibes.

I waited a half hour for the food to arrive and when it was plopped down in front of me it consisted of cold meat (advertised as hot), pasty potatoes, olive drab peas, and old-fashioned (which means it was fashioned a few days previous) blueberry pie. The Italian bread was good. That was the only thing that was edible.

Don't go there. It's cheap (\$1.75 for the whole dinner), but it's bad. Bad bad.

HARRY's Funk Gourmet gives the Maryland Square Restaurant 1/4 of a



Thunderbird wine bottle (only because the bread was good.)

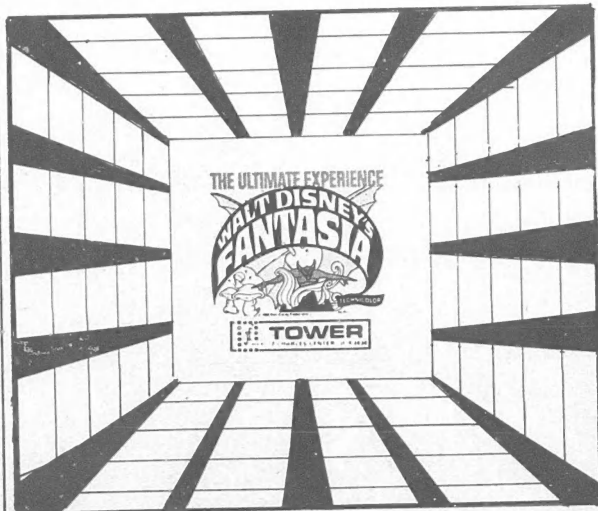
I'd rather eat anywhere than at that place. I'd rather eat at home anyway. All power to home cooking.

Thomas V. D'Antoni

pennyback



☆ Reisterstown Rd. Plaza... ☆



RECORD REVIEWS

COCKERSPANIEL

(Joe Cocker: Mad Dogs and Englishmen—A & M SP 6002)

The most fascinating thing about this album has got to be the story behind it! On March 11 of this year, Cocker flew into L.A. after several gruelling months on the road with intentions of recuperating for a few weeks and then forming a new group for the coming summer. Well, this management agency calls the following day and tells Cocker that he's got a seven-week tour starting in Detroit in one week. Beautiful! And if Cocker doesn't take it, there will be union trouble. Shit. I can see the expression on Joe's face now! One week to get somethings together and here he is, exhausted and without a group!

Leon Russell, an outstanding guitar and keyboard man, hears of his friends plight and offers his services. Cocker accepts. Russell calls back the next day with a ten piece group ready to go. That's the type of friend to have!

Rehearsals are held twelve hours a day for the next four days on the A & M sound stage and by that time the number of Cocker's party has grown to 33 including "Musicians, three sound men, two secretaries, three roadies, manager, wives, lovers, assorted children and other animals"

On the eighth day, they rested! Neabwhile, Cocker has decided to film the entire tour for possible release as a movie, so another half-dozen technicians are hired.

On March 19th the entire assembly, who has decided to call themselves "Mad Dogs and Englishmen", boards two chartered planes for Detroit where their first performance is to take place the following evening. All goes well and this two-record album is record live at t eir Marhc 27 and 28 shows at the Filmore East in New York.

The tour ended on May 16th at San Bernadino, California with much "kissing, embracing, flashing back sentimentally and crying the odd tear."

Bearing in mind that this group had only been together for a little over two weeks when this album was recorded, you have to come away, after listening to it, with a kind of awe at what these cats put together in such a short time.

The thing starts with Cocker's version of the Stones' "Hondy Tonk Women" with Russell doing the guitar work. It's a little different than the original but equally as riving. Then he settles into some nice slow blues ballads which predominate throughout the album. He does "Cry Me a River" and Cohen's "Bird On a Wire."

Besides Russell, another old friend of Cocker is with him on this album. Chris Stainton does very well at the organ and he switches back and forth with Russell on the piano. Both of these cats were with Cocker on his first album.

Side two contains "Feeling Alright" the old Traffic cut that Three Dog Night later picked up, "Superstar" sung

by Cocker's "Delta Baby", Rita Colidge, and "Let's Go Get Stoned", the Ray Charles ballad.

The third side starts with a medley or "I'll Drown In My Own Tears", "When Somethings is Wrong With My Baby", and "I've Been Loving You Too Long", Bob Dylan, who is in the audience, gets the next tune dedicated to him. It's Dylan's "Girl in the North Country". I thought the next cut, "Give Peace a Chance" was going to be the John Lennon-Yoko Ono number but was slightly disappointed when it turned out to be a completely different turn, a kind of spiritual thing.

Side four is easily the best side. It starts off with "She Came In Through the Bathroom Window" followed by "Space Captain". Next is "The Letter", which incidentally was recorded for release as a single on their third day of rehearsal back in March. The last cut is a beautiful five and a half minutes of Russell's "Delta Lady".

I'm not a great blues fan by any means but damn this album is good! The group really does a fine job of backing Cocker up, who is at his best.



His rough, vulgar voice is beautiful for the numbers on this album. Considering the short amount of time in which this show was put together, after listening to it, you just have to walk away impressed. Cocker is an experience! Dig it!

—George Walker

RETALIATION

The Aynsley Dunbar Retaliation
BLUE THUMB BTS 16

You just wouldn't believe the dudes in this English blues band—there they are on the cover designed by "Hignosis" to look like a creased snapshot circa 1956: five of the most outrageous teddy boys imaginable—none of this phony "Borstal Boy" hype either. Man, take these cats home and hand them in a prominent place, like, where your mother might see them. Wow, they make Iggy Stooze look clean-cut. Their clothes, like their music, is from another era. Their bassist, Alex Dmochowski (!), has this leopard-skin suit, see, and these rectangular shades...far, far, out.

This album was produced by John Mayall, who also plays on a few cuts. The music is the kind of Anglo-jazz-blues that has been cooking along in England since the early 50's—slow, funky, and down, down, down (also the title of a cut). The playing is competent and solidly together—but in general, not really outstanding. Actually more than anything, its almost painfully understated—not at all flashy.

Victor Brox, who looks like one mean mutha, does all the singing, and avoids all the shouting mannerisms of today's white blues singers. I was most impressed with Tommy Eyre's piano and organ work. He begins an instrumental called "Journey's End" with Bach and proceeds from there into a slow rockin' blues. The previous cut "Let It Ride" and "Leaving Right Away" on the other side are the only pieces not using the usual blues progression—the latter containing some wild piano work by Eyre. These are, along with "Sugar On the Line" (with Mayall), the best cuts on a sparse album. I suspect that a more complete effort would be possible I could certainly dig another Hignosis album cover.

—Len Bradford

THE VANDALS TOOK THE HANDEL

Handel: Four Organ Concerti
ANGEL S-36599

The Organ Concerti written by Handel are among the most sublime musical statements of the Baroque period. Suprisingly enough, they were written in the latter period of his life, the first not being composed until 1735, when he was 49. These concerti clearly show that Handel was blessed with a lyrical gift more similar to that of his predecessor, Vivaldi, than that of his contemporary, Bach.

This new Angel recording by Simon Preston and Yehudi Menuhin conducting the "Menuhin Festival Orchestra" (how nice to have an

orchestra of one's own!) continues a series of successful Handel recordings by Menuhin for Angel, but in some respects falls short of previous outstanding efforts such as the WATER MUSIC (Angel S-36173) and the ROYAL FIREWORKS SUITE (Angel S-36604).

The soloist, Englishman Simon Preston, here offers a performance which, though good, is neither as technically outstanding, or as expressive as that of Eduard Muller's in DGG Archive's collection (which is both complete and expensive). Muller and the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis conducted by the renowned August Wenzinger offer slower tempi, and more facile playing in the fast passages than Preston seems capable of. Preston and Menuhin often sound hurried, and the contrast between fast and slow movements is blurred.

The inclusion of the CONCERTO NO. 6 in Bb MAJOR, played on organ, makes this record even to owner of the DGG set, however. The Archive version uses a harp for the solo instrument, as originally scored. Preston's performance of this concerto, the most outstanding of the four included on this album, adds a new dimension to this piece, unexpressed in the attractive, but rather tame harp version. The organ sound itself is really outstanding—alternately reedy and flute-like, well suited to this music, great to listen to, just for itself.

—Len Bradford



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YOU'RE
WORTH A
MILLION SKINS

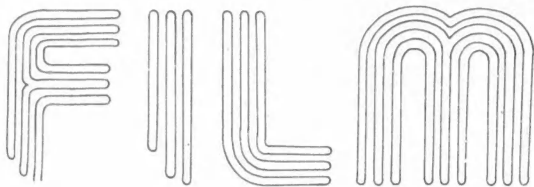
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Fantasia

by Thomas V. D'Antoni

Holy shit, what a movie! Go see Walt Disney's FANTASIA. Tripping. Don't see it straight! Do what you like—acid, mesc, psilocybin—anything whatever—but expand your consciousness and go see it!

Walt Disney was a goddamned freak. The movie is a 1940 Zap Comic. It's got—no, I'm not going to tell you what's in it. Reviews are bullshit. I don't care what some asshole reviewer thought of a movie or a book or a record. I'm just writing this 'cause (a) Iron Mike said we should have a movie review and, (b) I think every head in Baltimore (yea, the world) should go see it.

As a public service, HARRY is recommending that everyone who goes to see FANTASIA take along a water pistol. Here's why. When I went to see the movie I brought my water gun along with me. I seldom go anywhere without it. I was having a great time squirting people (they were digging it). While I was standing in line another freak stepped out of the lobby of the theatre and started squirting ME with HIS water gun! I certainly retaliated.

At this point the manager, a small humorless weasel (I was starting to get off) came outside and started a rather agitated rap about me and my water gun. He concluded by saying, "This isn't a playground!"

"Wanna bet?" I replied.

Friends, they confiscated my water gun at the door. Pigs.

After the movie, Michele (a HARRY PEOPLE) said she'd find the

gun for me since I was having trouble finding the door. (it sure was good acid.) She wasn't in too good shape herself, but she found the manager's office. He wasn't there so she went in and found the gun.

The manager seeing this, became very upset. "You can't go in there! Wait a minute! I'll get it. I'll get it!"



So I gave him three quick bursts from my gun. I just wanted to cool him off.

"Alright, you're under arrest! I'm calling the police!! You can't do that in here!!!"

We all walked out leaving the manager stammering, damp, and unhappy.

When you go see the movie—go with a bunch of friends. All of you take water guns. Give the bastard a whole shower—after the movie is over. Don't miss the movie.

Abbie and Jerry were right. Disney was a revolutionary (cultural that is). It's cosmic! It's funny! It's beautiful! It's political! It's spiritual! It's a total mindflush!!



Dogs & Babies Were Everywhere

by NEVETT

Now I know why Eric Clapton is always so modest in those interviews. At the Ann Arbor Blues Festival I heard several blues guitarists whose playing was as good and as exciting as Clapton at his best. And I had never even heard of these guys before! There was no hype at Ann Arbor. The music came across clear and new without any of the mixed emotions that are aroused by hype. Even the blues greats like Big Mama Thornton, Howlin' Wolf and Son House, whom you might expect to turn people inside out with awe, inspired more sheer joy than reverence.

It took a beautiful old guy, who wasn't even listed on the program, to really get things moving on Friday night. His name was Doctor Ross and he played such a fine harp that Howlin' Wolf, who is noted for his harp work, just crawled on stage when it came time for the Doctor to leave and the Wolf to come on. Things continued to loosen up on Saturday as bigger bands with horns and electric guitars came on stage and got people off their asses. The fence guarding the press area came down and it became a dancing area. Somebody even had a baby. The crowd that night ranged from newborn to middle aged, both black and white. Dogs and babies were everywhere. It wasn't your standard festival crowd. Every now and then a family, including school aged kids and mother and father, would come trucking in. The music that night pulled down a lot of barriers. At one point the audience almost rushed the stage after a dynamite set by Johnny Young. The people wanted him to play all night but the organization creeps were stolidly hurrying acts off stage so as to get everyone on before the eleven-thirty curfew. Well, you can bet that the music was good enough so that nobody gave much of a shit over such things as curfews, but the next band was even better, so everything was fine. If you can imagine Janis Joplin's new band playing with the beauty and dexterity of the Jefferson Airplane then you have an idea of the sound. It was Joe Turner's band, but

just about everyone in it took turns leading, so I never was really sure when Turner came on. For that matter, I wasn't even sure when Bobby Bland's band came on. There was a lot of good grass going around too, you see! Anyway the guitar player from one of those bands led everybody through a surprise set of "Barefootin'" and "Walkin' the Dog," and put good vibrations at an all-time high. Sunday was the day that we all got what we were waiting for, namely, Son House, Big Mama Thornton and Johnny Winter. Yes, Winter was there—unofficially. He had been hiding backstage all weekend digging the festival and being mysterious. Maybe one reason he did play was to help sell the album and television documentary that should help the festival break even. Anyway, Winter came on and jammed with Luther Allison and his Chicago band. They did about a twenty minute set, trading blues licks back and forth, and it was so tight that, if you weren't watching, it sounded like one somewhat Winterish guitar on lead working better with the band than Winter usually does. When it was over no one knew whether to shit or go blind and the management was kind enough to let us cool off for a couple of hours with Mance Lipscomb et. al. before bringing on Big Mama Thornton. Mama did "Ball and Chain" on request. It's a song which she "had the pleasure of writing" and, when she did it, it was more than just a song. She threw in cadenzas that actually left me doing double takes to realize that it was her voice and not one of the horns hitting those notes. Hound Dog came next. As I said, Mama Thornton is a joy. About the only man with enough love to follow a set like that is Son House. He came out and sat down and just talked for awhile—plenty of time for everything. Son House is so close to his music that whatever he does comes to pretty much the same thing anyway. You experience the man and when he plays his guitar it's not something separate from him. This is what makes his music so compelling. He bottlenecks his Nashville Steel and slides easily into notes that aren't even on the scales. Son played and sang some long songs and then he put down the guitar and his wife came out and sang some shorter songs with him. When they had finished there was nothing more to be said and the festival, having run its course, was over.

One Small Step for Baltimore - One Giant Step



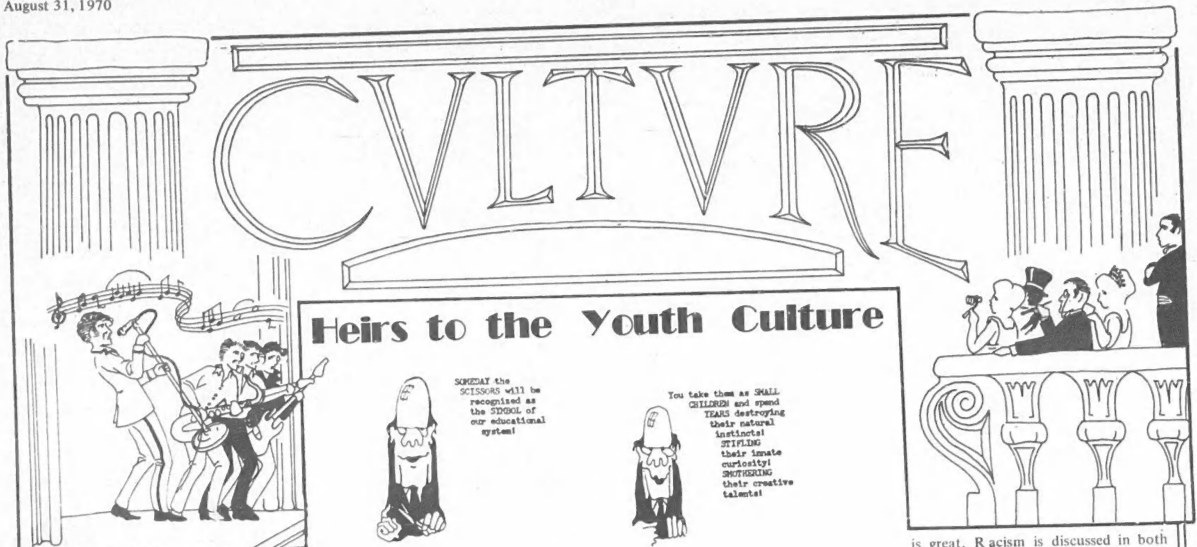
for W.A.Y.E

by NEVETT

W.A.Y.E. has been through some changes lately. Way back, a long time ago, they used to play music all the time. Then they decided to do talk shows all day. Now they're switching back to music again and the same half assed spirit of adventure and search for meaningful radio that led the station to program talk shows is pointing it toward progressive rock music.

All this just started about six or seven weeks ago with two shows running from six to eight both morning and evening. The morning show is a drag but the one in the evening is O.K. once you learn how to avoid the race results. If you haven't heard it yet it's at 860 on A.M. and you can learn more listening to it than you could by reading about it. If you have listened it's probably been enough to whet your appetite for more and better progressive radio in

Baltimore. Well, hopefully, this is just the beginning. W.A.Y.E. has gone to the trouble of hiring a new program director (Bob Ducibella from D.C.) and they're planning on expanding to a full day of music within the next couple of months. Right now, along with the basic problem of getting used to playing rock music, there are interlocking problems having to do with audience recognition and advertising. There is, however, no hassle on the executive level and Bob can play pretty much anything he likes. So the main thing is to get proof of a good audience down on paper for executives and advertisers. Write in to "The Committee of One-Hundred" and tell them that you are eighteen to thirty-four, have two cars and love the Mothers and The Airplane and The Stones and whoever else. Spread the word. Go fuck someone. Do what you can to take advantage of this opportunity. Get the snowball rolling.



Heirs to the Youth Culture

Book Review

Our Time is Now

Edited by John Birmingham Praeger Publishers, 1970

I guess I expected a collection of articles from high school undergrounds to be somehow more dramatic than these. More radical. More fantastic-imaginative. Just now in Baltimore the Clarke/Dalton sound truck is moving down 25th Street going "Right on, Clarke/Dalton...the streets belong to the people...let's get it together for the Clarke/Dalton team...elect the people who'll give the streets back...Blah, blah, blah." The Clarke/Dalton team is a sheep's ass full of phony liberals. Rhetoric is cheap in the mouths of people who mean it not to mention portable and easy to operate for those who don't. There's the real surprise of OUR TIME IS NOW, an acute sensitivity to bullshit.

As an adult, the contrast between my expectations and the reality of this book is important schooling. Maybe I expected it to be more original because of my Movement youth-faith, but I also expected it to be much more taken with radical jingoism, leftist catch-phrases and the usual stuff. John Birmingham and his peers are libertarians. They are very concerned with the reality of freedom. They don't have any. They speak very blandly, with remarkably little bitterness, about repression which (and every single one of us has been there) would be inconceivable to us now in our daily lives. We would quit that job, escape that prison, desert that army or overthrow that government, but students are expected to ENJOY high school.

No doubt the sanity, the libertarianism (and the certain degree of blandness) which permeates OUR TIME IS NOW have something to do with the editor. Birmingham reflects all those qualities and uses material from the high school underground he edited. But he uses lots of other material, much of which he admittedly doesn't agree with, and even so the same quality of sanity is present. I, myself, as a functionary of an overground underground, have seen some high school papers and I'd guess Birmingham's selection is more or less representative, if about a year out of date. Also these are technically the very best articles. Their

professionalism is weird and the more sophomoric articles seem to be those which take an easily recognizable Movement stand.

What the students have to say is mostly not remarkable or far-out. There are the concerns of every intelligent person, the war, the draft, racism and repression. Things haven't changed in the high schools. Think back. Now think what you'd say about the way you were treated then, recall some specific examples. You have it. But you didn't say much then. Well, time goes on and things change. I'm trying to put my finger on that sanity. John Birmingham says the leftists are fucked up, and grown up. That students are looking for something really new. That doesn't mean Mao. Freedom in this world would be really new. It doesn't have a Red Book to carry around. It has no inspiring chants. Freedom is a radical idea in that it's radically different from what we have anywhere now, but it's not radical in the work-a-day Movement sense. Freedom is not even necessarily leftist. That's the tone of the book. High school students are maybe so close to systems, so contained in them all the time, that they have the sense not to get sucked into any more. They maybe have the sense to be eclectic and sane. Maybe they aren't as frustrated as we are. They're younger and stronger. When you get tired and bitter it's easy to cop out on freedom and pretend to fight the good fight by letting someone else tell you what to do—be it Marx, Marcuse, Jerry Rubin, or the Maharishi. The even more

mixed-up might opt for William F. Buckley and Pope Paul. Any fool'll do.

OUR TIME IS NOW is not about the most radical high school students. Nor is it about the apathetic majority. It's really about the rank and file activist. John Birmingham reminds me of Jim Kunen. Like Kunen, Birmingham is likely to catch shit, for his honesty and wariness of over-simplification as much as for his moderate opinions. It's very appropriate that Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. should write the introduction. Vonnegut is a special hero of Kunen's and all three express the moral conviction and careful judgement that Camus speaks of in RESISTANCE, REBELLION AND DEATH. They represent the moderate left who, like it or not, are the bulk of our constituency. Birmingham says the high school students won't go to college and join the Movement. They'll be a new movement. I hope so. We could use it.

We grown-ups are all right, but, like I said, it's easy to cop out and plenty of us are doing it. OUR TIME IS NOW is white and male. It's anti-racist and not particularly chauvinist, but it's still white male in the narration. Birmingham very honestly admits that the black students desire black student problems to be black student problems and he's not a black student. The black articles, however, are involved to a surprising degree with the same problems of educational reform as the white articles. There's the important element of cultural pride and cultural studies but the community of interest

is great. Racism is discussed in both black and white pieces on a very pragmatic level, without liberal paranoia or third world hype. The prevailing angle of the book is the student as nigger and the black as nigger yet and, finally, most everybody as niggerest of all—freedom transcendence.

I think the lack of any important statement on women is the very big hole in the book. It's a strange hole because about half the by-lined articles are by women students. There IS a piece on integration of an all-boy's high school in which Birmingham conducts a patronizing interview with a 14 year old girl who has a lot more on the ball than he does. There's no excuse for this hole, there were feminist articles in the high school undergrounds and they should have been included. OUR TIME IS NOW does much better with free speech. The students universally recognize this as a valid issue. Many of us consider it a throw-away or subservient to raising revolutionary consciousness. For instance, the HARRY staff has decided to exclude blatantly sexist want ads. When people are free, the way they behave is bound to disgust and anger some other people, me included. Either you're for as much freedom as possible or you aren't. If you aren't you'd better think about who you're in bed with. Birmingham recounts throwing his underground paper open to the administration and the right-wingers (they didn't take him up). He discusses at length the problems of censorship and voluntary censorship. High school students recognise free speech as a real tool and they feel highly responsible about their use of it. They don't have any but we have lots of free speech. You don't miss your water 'til you well runs dry.

These students, heirs apparent to my aging youth culture and fractionalized movement, have a feeling for the existence of people. In some way there is a democracy to high school. Every day you're thrown together with people entirely alien to you and everything you believe. We adults, we live in a social insularity. Political people, perhaps, live in the worst insularity of all. If our heads had been opened when we were still inside that perverse democracy maybe we would have a better feel for the valid existence of all sorts of people—strange, knocked-out people. A truly evil man is as hard to find as a saint. Vonnegut says, "Richard Nixon is a familiar type from high school. So is Melvin Laird. So is J. Edgar Hoover. So is General Lewis Hershey. So is everybody."

by P. J. O'Rourke

Goose Lake: No One Danced!

by Liza Williams

Part I: The Pureshit Revolution

Goose Lake, the 380 acre site of a 3 day pop festival, is in Jackson, Michigan. It is a green countryside about 40 miles from Ann Arbor where the Blues Festival (scheduled the same weekend) drew a crowd of about 10,000. More than 200,000 are at Goose Lake; they have come from Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, Toledo, and the neighboring states to hear such imported stuff as Small Faces, Jethro Tull, 10 Years After, and their American star counterparts, plus a buskful of Michigan bands all sizzling with "high energy" sound—much of it unidentifiable—guitars whining like generators, singers who yell unintelligible lyrics and pounding drum solos. Most of it is a drag.

The press corp(s) isolated from the public by an eight foot wooden wall (under constant attack by "them"), alternately sit in their tent smoking dope or on chairs by the wall, keeping one eye on the stage in front of them and one on the wall behind where occasional faces pop up to get a look at the "stars."

Beyond the wall, which fronts a pit by the stage full of press and hopeful groupies ("If I can just meet him, maybe he'll take me to England—Joe Cocker pays his girls \$300 a week to travel with him!") stretch acres of Sears-Fellini, grass, acid ("pure-organic"), THC, hot dogs, pizza, Coke, ice cream and sloth. Bullhorns and handlettered signs tout the dope business—lids, tokes, organic, pure cheap, now!

At the back of the audience area are large tents, one for dope bammers ("Don't go in there; they just lay guilt on you"), free food ("the supply ran out Saturday, the second day), and one for "movement" people. White Panthers, Chicago militants, lots of babies, etc.

It is crowded everywhere, perhaps a fifth listening to the music, much of which (when outside the Bowl like area that fronts the stage) hangs in the air like a desperate scream. A mile or so away there is swimming, nude or not, in the brownswamp lake and the comfort of thousands of cars to

dreams of Calcutta. Stoned people nudge along in the dust and debris to the sounds of the dopechanters and the sparechange freaks. Eyes are cold, dead and secretive; water runs from the drinking fountains and turns the paths to mud; people lie about glazed and sated with uppers and downers, freakers, flashers, zoomers, bombers, and fatigue.

In the woman's toilet are rows of exposed seats over the great trough of shit. You squat there watching pale city girls curl their hair and shave their legs ankle deep in water. Someone said, people fuck there at night, in the slime in front of the black hole-eyes of the toilets.

Outside the crowds move on, waveringly, slide down the plastic slide laid across a bulldozed dirt hill, stare towards the music, watch as someone leaps from a high tower near the stage in an attempt at what, flight? Escape? No one dances anywhere.

The printed program warns against "blood-suckers" in the swimming hole named "Golum Swamp" but the real blood-suckers are invisible; they are flying overhead in helicopters looking at their investment, or waiting outside the fence to bust people.

"It's great to be free" is the usual comment given to the reporters when they ask the kids why they are there. "I can walk around at night without being hassled; I don't have to brush my teeth; I can dope all I want," seemingly unaware of the metal fences that enclose them, hold them in a giant concentration camp away from the nation they claim as their own.

It must be a test run of the final solution! Lock the kids and crazies up; give them dope and circuses; pacify. The war outside goes on; Michigan halts the bill to reduce marijuana possession to a misdemeanor and John Sinclair, busted for two joints, is away in an old style prison, misses the fun of this minimum security bash.

But not his party—The White Panthers. They are there with their band "UP" trying to sock it to the people. "UP" is loud and almost unintelligible; what words they want to say in their music are impossible to understand. If the band is to alert

Festival concession (and they need the money badly to survive, to try and free the leaders). But back in their home community of Ann Arbor the real "people's music" (historically speaking) the black music, goes its usual low-priced low paying way. Only 10,000 blues fans came to honor the black musicians, and it is rare that these musicians get such a gig. (Sunday night at the Blues Festival Johnny Winter appeared unannounced to jam—he was really playing for the people!) I would have thought the White Panthers would have been among the first to support the black musicians. To point out the exploitation system that has ripped-off the black culture and sold it back to us a la Rod Stewart, a prancing whitesuited decadent English "star" whose soulful agonies consisted of mauling the mike stand and wiping his blonde hair from his eyes with delicate upperclass gestures. (Unfortunately the crowd loved him.)

What an opportunity it could have

Part II: When the Goose Hit the Fan

No one danced! No one wore flowers! The clean green new tents from Sears, pinioned near the cars that brought them, gathered dust. The bikers stood next to the fence holes that had been made by kids trying to get in free (the three days cost \$15.00) and demanded \$5 a head to come through. On Friday (the 1st day) five women sat beside a pretty display of Woman's Lib literature they had hung on a makeshift wall next to one of the pathways. By Saturday there was no trace of them; mud and softdrink cans, soggy paper, an abandoned shoe, watermelon rinds and dope had replaced them.

Out in the "Goosenest" in front of the stage people clustered in groups, sat in the dust and debris, staring towards the blaring music or shuffling about. Overhead the helicopter dipped and churned and the fences stood all around.

What can be the reason to promote 200,000 people at a time into a confined space? Instant slum, overcrowding, all the disadvantages of a ghetto—recreated folks, for your listening pleasure! The idea of a music



been for the White Panthers to reach a captive (literally) audience of 200,000. They could have followed the example of the San Francisco Communication Company which, in the Flower Power era way back in 1967-68, were cranking the mimeograph handle daily; taking to the community the latest political and community news. The Panthers might well have asked in leaflets, "Is this how you want to live? Are you enjoying this festival? Why aren't you at the Blues Festival? Do you see now how the people's culture is being ripped off?" And so on, and so on.

If I am hard on the White Panthers it is because they are in the vanguard of the people's movement. Their paper, "SUNDANCE" (1st beautiful issue just out and available for \$.50 from 1520 Hill, Ann Arbor, Michigan) deals with the politics of music, their imprisoned leader, John Sinclair, has just published a "right on" article on "Liberation Music" in the current issue of "Jazz and Pop" (August, 1970). They have taken on the tremendous task of trying to educate and liberate the youth who they rightly see as the only hope for change. Their task is made more difficult as their leaders are decimated, turned into political prisoners. It is important that they find efficacious ways to communicate their ideas to young people. (Sadly most of the young people at Goose Lake seemed to mimic the life style alienation of their parents. True, they substituted dope for alcohol, but apparently only to achieve the same stupor. Their parents watch TV passively; they watch the rock stars in much the same way, or lie down next to their cars as though they feared it might be Armageddon and they wanted to take their one status symbol—the car—with them.)

festival in the country is the conception of tranquility, cleanliness, flowers, woods, space, celebration, all the things which are unavailable to us in our urban environments where our space is pinched in direct ratio to real estate values. We go to the country to be free, to breathe clean air, hear good music and get high in a natural environment.

The same people who crowd us into urban slums crowd us into giant "festivals," take our rent at the door and to hell with the plumbing. Not only have they usurped our lifestyle and sold it back to us, they have duped us by selling us an inferior product with built in obsolescence.

Part III: Whither Will We Wander?

Is it possible to have a festival for people? Yes, you can put on your own festival, start in your livingroom, play the kazoo, go to your park, take your tambourine.

What about hearing the big "stars"? You are the big star, people just do the best they can. Is there a criteria? It's what you enjoy and participate in. Enjoy your own music; enjoy your local bands; relate to their music. But how do I see the "stars"? Look up—or if you have to have the hype—watch them on TV; that way you can go to the toilet or dance or make love to the music or get high with some degree of comfort.

You mean festivals are over? No, only rip-offs, not everything called a festival is one. So what should we do? Liberate your music. Take it back to the people it came from; insist on controlling it. It was your music; it is your music; start over. Don't buy a ticket to anything where there are more than 50,000 people outdoors or 10,000 enclosed. Boycott the hype festivals. Support "unknown" bands who play in your local clubs. Support

continued on p. 17



wander among or crash next to.

Around all this rises a metal link fence, around and around, encircling the thousands. Through its gates pass the people—once inside there is no way out unless you leave permanently, or by ambulance. The pathways that circumscribe the quaintly hip named areas—"Tokealot," "Layalot," and "Tripalot" are reminiscent of my

people, using rock as an educational medium, it fails. There is a failure to communicate; the crowd remains apathetic. The people's music must be something the people relate to, or it is only music, and as musicians, they seem strident and inept. For that matter, what are they doing at Goose Lake at all? One reason might be because they had been given the

younger ones, their eyes are so desperate, they dig it, they want to join us, and their hating parents screaming at them, hating us, afraid of us. "I said get moving. Right now. This is the absolutely last time..." (We've all heard it, right?)

Right across the Town Square from City Hall is...do my eyes deceive me?...a Bank of Amerika?

"TO THE BANK!!!"

All of us, 500 at the most, A false charge...we all swing past it and down Main Street...but—too late to call them off—a magic gate in the wall near the bank opens, and on cue, INTO DISNEYLAND POUR THE FULLERTON TAC SQUAD. And the Orange County Deputy Sheriffs. And the Cosa Mesa Riot Squad(bet you didn't know they had one!) I mean pigs all OVER the place.

They're marching down Main Street toward Fantasyland. The tourists are stampeding in the streets. The pigs keep coming. The Yippies look at each other. You can count on the pigs everytime to gross out.

The Disneyland Pigs are telling the tourists to go inside the stores for their own protection. The stores, naturally, can't pack in 30,000 tourists, even if they are like cattle. The pigs can't sweep the street.

Head Disneyland Pig starts fingering yippie agitators in the crowd. V-formations charge in after the yippies. One freak runs into a shop, on his ass about 8 Disneyland pigs(keystone cops, cowboys, the 7th calvary, etc.), you can hear shit getting smashed and knocked about in the store, the yippie comes out fighting, club and gunless Disneyland pigs(Tahitians, Indians, 1920's banjo players) grappling with him just barely hanging on the tourists are screaming the tac squads are pushing them back with their clubs the yippie is overpowered and hustled through a gate to be thrown through the turnstiles by his hair(and to be caught on the other side by friends previously thrown out) and meanwhile inside the loudspeaker is squawking that Disneyland is closing folks we are very sorry to inconvenience you please stay calm we have the situation completely



under control oink please leave in an orderly fashion we have the situation oink completely under control....

Bullshit to you Walt. The freaking faggot yippies gotcha by the balls and you KNOW it!

Well, it took mucho hours for Disneyland to be evacuated. 30,000 people spread out over how many? 34? acres of land including mountains, lagoons, clipper ships, atom tunnels and so on make for congestion when there's only 50 turnstiles in the one entrance and half of them are occupied by Apes throwing out hippies by their feet.

It should be noted that the only

other time Disneyland closed was the day Kennedy was shot.

Yippie myth has surpassed Lee Harvey Oswald.

But let it not go untold what happened in the parking lot during the evacuation.

Numerous Yippies headed for the Disneyland Hotel, across a corner of the lot, followed by scores of pigs, herding stampeding tourists ahead of them (you can count on the pigs) and a miniature Chicago Hilton(haven't I seen this movie before followed, several heads cracked, a dozen brothers and sisters busted, innocent bystanders brutalized, and so on.

I won't go into details—the same old thing. Yippies trapped in the Hotel lobby again.

Maybe we should have settled for Disneyland.

Anyway, when we picked up all the pieces of ourselves, our comrades, yippie balloons, Mickey Mouse T-shirts, Mousketeer hats and split, the whirlypig w/searchlight was still sweeping the parking lots/Mabel godamit where we parked/where's the car/kids/excedrin/where's the kids...the kids?...

(Yippie fades off into the L.A. smog to strike again, somewhere, without warning...)

WOMEN'S LIB:SOME MISCONCEPTIONS

by Erica Dunn

Despite the fact that much has been written to explain women's liberation, the bra-burning, man-hating image of WL, perhaps most forcefully created by the media, is the one that comes to mind when most people think of WL.

The main complaint of people who come in contact with WL ideas have is that WL wants to do away with all the differences that exist between the sexes. They feel that the women in WL want to be exactly like men, that they in fact would love to be men.

When Women's Lib says that women are equal to men and should have equality with men, this does not mean that they want to be identical, the same as men. It simply means that all people, women, men, whites, blacks, etc. should have equal social and political opportunities. It means that women who do the same jobs as men should be paid the same, that should not be tracked in high schools to be secretaries and seamstresses while men are trained to be engineers. It certainly does not mean that women should begin growing beards and beating their husbands.

Women are different than men. One only needs eyes to see that. But the difference is one of biological organs. All the other stereotypes about women and men are social and not natural. For each sex

stereotype—women are emotional and sensitive, and men are distant and logical; women are naturally more maternal (paternal) than men; etc.—there are millions of exceptions. Women and men learn their roles from society—they are not born to them.

Again, women's lib is not about making men like women or switching around the defined roles. But rather we would like to see the roles become more flexible.

There is no reason why a man who feels strong emotions should be called a sissy, and a little girl who climbs trees a tomboy. We feel that the world is big enough for thousands of possible feelings and actions, and that the rigidity of the roles, as they exist now, is both unhealthy and unnecessary. There is a difference between men and women, but that difference should be up to each individual man and woman to determine.

Another misconception about WL is that the women in it hate men and that, given the opportunity, they would mistreat men in the same way that many men mistreat women today.

There are certainly some women in WL who have been badly mistreated by men, and who have no great love for many men. But almost all the women in WL realize that the solution to the problems they face does not lie in turning the tables and trying to enslave men. The answer lies in helping both men and women fight the real causes of the frustrations that make them things out on their wives and children and selves.

We feel that all women are oppressed in this society as well as most men. Contrary to most people's beliefs, most women are not contented with their lot. They don't enjoy getting the worst jobs and the lowest pay, nor do they like getting beaten by

an irate husband or boyfriend.

Staying home with the kids can be fulfilling at times, but as a steady diet, it is a lot of hard work and drudgery. This does not imply that there aren't women who enjoy staying home and raising children. And they certainly should be allowed to do that, if that is their choice. Most women, however, have no choice, and that is something that we in WL consider absolutely essential.

There are certainly as many misconceptions about WL as there are people who have heard the words. It would be impossible to talk about all of them in one article. The most important thing that I want to stress is that we in WL don't have a new set of definitions to pin on the male and female. We want people to create their own identities without having to combat terrific social and legal pressures. Our hope is to create a society in which that will be possible.



UP AGAINST THE WALL, MICKEY MOUSE!

by Aunt Syph

Disneyland? Well what can I say but YIPPIE! 30,000 straights had to split—the place had to be evacuated—because of 300 freaks.

There were no leaders. Someone decided that the Yippies should have an International Pow-Wow at Disneyland on August 6th. Some posters—Mickey Mouse with an AK-47—were distributed, and a few handbills and that was it.

Most of the people who came were from Orange County, Berkeley, or Isla Vista.

Everyone had to pay to get in. Freaks driving into the Disneyland parking lot were searched and hassled; no food allowed inside the gates, all bags were searched at the gate, pigs in all shapes and one size(large) casually leaning against every ticket turnstile.

And there we are, the one percenters, picking fellow freaks out in the line as we wait for the turnstile. Feeling very fucking outnumbered, if you know what I mean, and there we are, all of us having just spent four or five bucks on tickets, (NO way to sneak in) VOLUNTARILY WAITING IN LINE TO ENTER AMERIKA'S PLASTIC TRAP.

And they let us in. We gape at each other inside, like "Man, there's something wrong... they let us in..."

We all agree that there's no way out except back through the turnstiles.

Outnumbered 100 to one. Well, what the fuck, YIPPIE!

No one follows the schedule printed in the Freep. We all kinda drift towards Fantasyland, the super big plastic (I mean, really!) castle imaged into all our childhood minds from watching the Walt Disney hour on Sunday nights. (You know—with the fireworks and Tinkerbell?)

Everyone's just sitting around grinning. It's about noon. Nothing to do. We're just getting together. Checking it out.

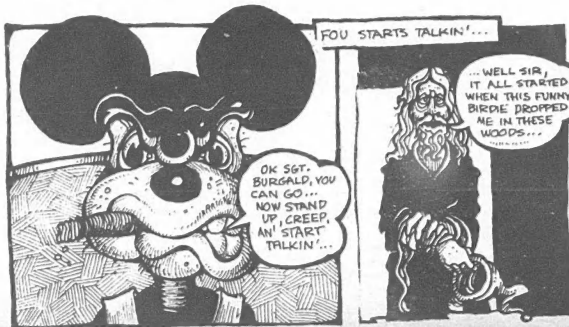
Pigs all over the place. I mean everywhere! Disguised, plainclothesed, in uniform, a few squads of Tac in flak jackets and helmets, etc.

The ones in disguise surpass the goals of the most paranoid speed freak. Dressed to blend in with wherever their post is. Frontierland has 7th Calvary troopers, Indians, raftsmen in faded red shirts, straw hats and cut-off levis. Adventureland has Tahitians. Tomorrowland has guys out of Star Trek. Main Street has Keystone Cops, and Fantasyland has pigs in Chip 'n' Dale outfits. I shit you not. Carrying walkie-talkies.

And they're all at least six feet tall and 200 lbs.

This includes the tourists taking into their gift-wrapped packages, too.

But who are we to be paranoid?



Where would the revolution be if we were always paranoid? Yippie!

Captain Hook's Pirate Ship is a prime target. We march on, the tourists split, and we have the ship to ourselves. Freaks in the rigging, on the ropes, at the wheel, ringing the bells; the tourists below on the dock... "WHERE did they all come from?" "We tunneled through from China, Lady! RED China!"

We come off the ship at our grossest, and march right through their midst. Mothers pull their children to them and scatter in the opposite direction. Blank-faced Orange County and Vacant-eyed Amerika freak. Our very existence is dynamite.

In Frontierland is Tom Sawyer's Island, sitting in the middle of a lagoon. Out on the island is a fort, guarded by 7th Calvary/Pigs. Indians (paddling canoes of tourists around the lagoon) circle the island. Recorded war whoops and bugle calls (charge!) are heard ever so often.

It's killer. We have to get out there. It takes a D ticket. The wooden (plastic) raft is fake-oared (motor underneath) by Tom Sawyer/raftsmen/Pigs.

us. Its not everyday they dance for brothers and sisters, sitting around the dance circle, instead of tourists sitting in canopied stands. After the usual dances there is a spontaneous joining of hands, freaks and Indians, and a dance around the camp circle.

Then to Main Street. The head Disneyland Pig tries to talk us into going to the park instead of doing it in the road. But we are not to be coopted.

The people's Pied Piper is ripped off for being a nuisance. Physically carried away by the Disneyland Apes. The tourists are freaking at it all, people running down the street, right here in the last sacred sanctuary of sick Amerika.

While we're on Main Street, we decide to take in a flick. Phantom of the Opera is playing at the City St. Cinema. The tourists are kept out "for their own protection" while we flip out inside.

After the movie, we generally decided to retake Tom Sawyer's Island.

A dozen raftloads of freaks(D tickets again) make it over and the Vietcong flag flies over Fort Wilderness. Walt is rolling in his grave by now.

After the island, a short visit to Tomorrowland for the Monsanto (or something) Exhibit (its free) where you ride through this tunnel and its dark and ice crystals turn into molecules and the molecules dissolve into atoms, and somebody lights up a j two cars ahead of you, and the atoms split into neutrons and such, and the j is snatched out of their hand by a narc standing at seat level in the totally dark tunnel....

Outside and back on Main Street. A snake dance in the Town Square happens, and the New Nation flag goes up at Disneyland City Hall. "Give me an F...Give me a U...Give me a C...Give me a K..."

The tourists are gone. Really. The

But the young Indian dancers dig.

WOMEN'S DAY

By Michele Le Faivre

Fifty years ago women won the right to vote...and thought they were liberated. They weren't.

August 26 was a day of demonstration and education throughout Amerika. In Baltimore, the Coalition for Women's Rights (which includes individual women from the Maryland Chapter of Welfare Rights, and Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and Women's Liberation) held a rally in Center Place.

There was very little heckling from the crowd of about 1200, many of whom were "businessmen", and not much hostility. The leaflets given out were read, not thrown on the ground as they usually are at anti-war demonstrations (remember them?). Those unfamiliar with women's liberation learned that the movement is not primarily about the desegregation of stag bars, but is rather about Justice and Equality! for ALL people, for women cannot be liberated until racism and imperialism is ended.

The demands made by the Coalition are as follows:

1. Public Child Care Centers: 24-hour, parent-controlled, locally and federally funded.
2. Equal Opportunity in Jobs and Education: regardless of sex, color, income or age.

3. Free Birth Control, also legal abortions if women want them.

4. Guaranteed Minimum Income of \$5500 for a family of four.

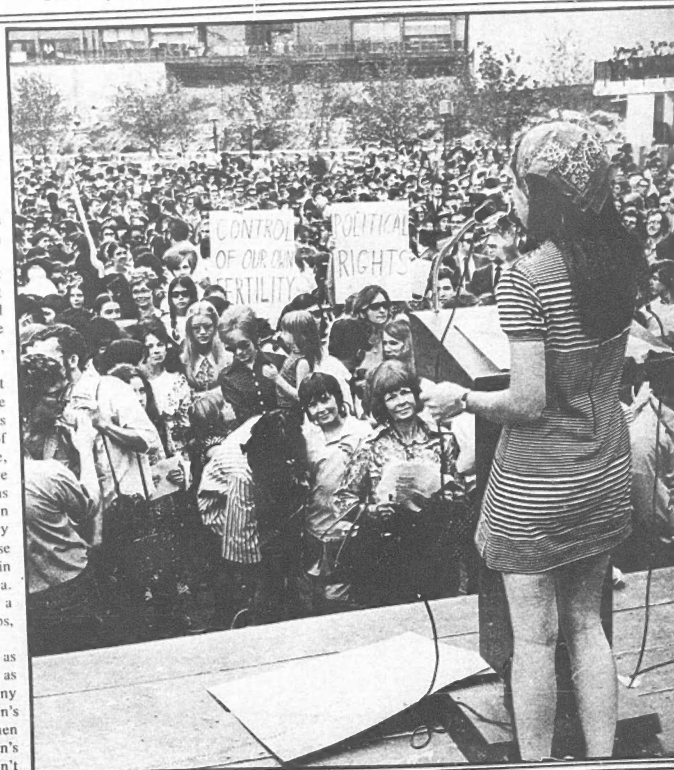
5. Political Rights: Congressional ratification of (a) Equal Rights Amendment, (b) U.N. Convention of Political Rights for Women.

6. An End to Racism in all forms: in recognition of the fact that Black, Brown, Yellow and Red women suffer from a double discrimination, first, because of sex, and secondly, because of color.

7. An End to the War in Southeast Asia: Why? (a) Because we oppose the suffering our Government is imposing on the people of Southeast Asia and here at home, and (b), Because we do not believe our demands can be met as long as 70% of our tax money is spent on the war and other military

After speakers elaborated on these demands, there was a walking teach-in around the downtown shopping area. Later in the evening there was a community dinner and workshops, with child care provided by men.

I feel that the rally did not reach as many housewives and secretaries as was hoped, but it did change many men's attitudes about women's liberation. And after all, if the men start educating themselves, women's liberation will be a little easier, won't it?



THOSE FABULOUS FURRY

FREAK BROTHERS

"THERE'S A SUCKER BORN EVERY MINUTE."
—PHINEAS T. BARNUM

Gilbert Shelton



PARKS BELONG TO THE PARK BOARD

by JUDITH LERNER

The statistics on Mt. Vernon Place busts are beginning to look like Vietnam casualty lists. (Free the Park 666) Baltimore parks are apparently considered a dangerous breeding ground for degenerate criminal types who engage in such nefarious activities as singing, guitar playing, and wearing tank tops.

Lots of freaks in the east part of the park tonight, as I walked home from work. Most of them were doing things they could be busted for. Two guys had guitars; a bunch of people were sitting on the steps listening to them; there was a couple making love; a few freaks waded in their newly cleaned fountain. Nearby, as always, was a pig although the usual police car was not in sight. (This must be the most heavily guarded park in the city, maybe in the whole country—except for the early morning, there is ALWAYS at least one pig and/or patrol car there, but not on the north or west sides of Mt. Vernon Place, where the bums and little old ladies sit.)

You see, there's a bunch of people called the Board of Recreation and Parks, which makes Rules for the parks in Baltimore, telling people what they can and can't do in the parks. The Board has 7 members and a director, who serves without pay; 6 members are appointed by the Mayor and City Council for 6-year terms, one is appointed by the Board of School Commissioners, and the director is a Civil Service Position. Next time you get busted for wearing an undershirt in Mt. Vernon Place, you might want to contact some of these people and shall we say suggest some changes in the rules. These are the people on the Parks Board, with the dates when their terms expires:

Joseph H. Rash, President, Edison Highway and Duncanwood Lane, 21213...1971

Samuel Hopkins, Vice President, 514 Fidelity Building, 21201...1971

Mrs. M. Richmond Farring, 3600 4th St., Brooklyn, 21225...1973.

Mrs. Robert L. Gill, 3415 Callaway Ave., 21215...1971

Harry D. Kaufman, 220 E. Lexington St., 21201...1971

Uthman Ray, Jr., M.D., 2225 W. North Ave., 21216...1974

Nazzareno F. Velleggia, 829 E. Pratt St., 21202...1973.

Now, just what are you allowed to do in the parks of Baltimore City? You can sit on a bench and speak quietly to a friend, except between midnight and 6 a.m. You can walk on DESIGNATED PEDESTRIAN PATHS (emphasis mine). And that's about ALL you can do, unless nobody bothers to enforce the rules. (None of the rules say anything about dope, so you might try that, but I wouldn't advise it. Get stoned BEFORE you come.)

What can't you do? The City Code says you can't build any kind of structure, and you can't walk on "or otherwise injure the grass, trees or shrubbery." No dogs are allowed at large between 1 April and 1 November. There is a \$2 fine for violating this rule, "ONE HALF OF



I NEVER PROMISED YOU A ROSE GARDEN

WHICH SHALL BE PAID TO THE INFORMER" (hell of a way to make a buck), and the dog may be impounded.

The Dept. of Recreation and Parks goes into a lot more detail and if you're really interested, you can get a copy of their rules by calling them, 523-4643, or at the Pratt Library.

Here's your handy list of things you shouldn't be doing in the park, and if you are, you'd better stop. (Person with most violations wins, absolutely free, all the green gunk from the next statue to be cleaned anywhere in Baltimore.) First, things you POSITIVELY cannot do. Disturb the peace or behave in a disorderly manner.

Do any "obscene or indecent act," display or distribute any object "suggestive of sex in a lewd, indecent, immoral way." (Does this mean you can't read HARRY in a park?)

Dress or undress. Strip to the waist. (But males CAN do so in certain areas, for swimming or tennis.) Men cannot wear a "sleeveless inner shirt of the type worn as underwear, but may wear sport shirts, sweat shirts or regular outer shirts."

Use "threatening, abusive, insulting, profane or obscene language."

Be drunk or bring booze into a park.

Throw things.

"Interfere with, encumber, obstruct, or render dangerous any park or part thereof." (This seems to be a catchall rule, to be used if a cop wants to bust you, but you have done anything. Watch it.)

Shit ("except in proper receptacles designated for such purposes")

"Enter or leave a park at points not designated as proper entrances or exits." (What the hell do you think we have walls and gates for, you fucking freak?)

"Disobey an order of a Police Officer or any park employee acting within the scope of his employment." Disobey any rule, warning, instruction, sign, notice, etc. "Annoy, follow, or accost" anyone; "approach or solicit" anyone "for immoral or indecent purposes." (and remember, YOUR idea of what's immoral is probably not the same as THEIRS)

Bring animals into parks, except dogs on leashes not more than 6 feet long—except where prohibited. Illegal dogs may be impounded "or disposed of."

Injure people, animals, or property.

Touch, remove, or add any roads, paths, structures, utilities, plants, shrubs, trees, flowers, signs, equipment. RULE 25: NO PERSON SHALL PLANT ANY GROWING THING UNLESS AUTHORIZED BY THE BOARD OF RECREATION AND PARKS. "A People's Park in Baltimore???" Next question!

Throw things in the water.

Touch or feed the animals.

Let animals drink out of park water.

Bring horses into parks.

Leave Trash around; leave newspapers around. Ride a bike on a pedestrian path.

RULE 49 (another gem) No person shall fish, crab, bathe, swim, WADE, camp, coast with sleds, ice skate, roller skate, build fires, PLAY GAMES in any park except in areas set aside and designated by the Board of Recreation and Parks except by specific permit as required."

Miscellaneous: no model planes, boats, cars, etc. "except where designated," aircraft, concealed missiles, sports or games "except where designated."

Dismal, huh? But cheer up, there are still a few things you can do in parks IF you get a permit from the Board: sell, display, or advertise stuff; boat; solicit money; hold a public event; meeting, speech, etc. You can get information on permits from the Board's published rules.

There is a curfew in all parks from midnight to 6 a.m. (unless you have a permit to be there) but "in extremely hot weather" the Director of Recreation and Parks may set aside this rule and let people sleep in parks at night. (Pray for heat.)

What happens if you do one of those bad things listed above, like playing a guitar or planting a tree. You have to pay for repairing any damage to the park. You can be tried by a Baltimore Municipal Court Judge or a Justice of the Peace, and fined up to \$100.

You might also like to know that "no provision hereof shall make unlawful any act necessarily performed by any police officer or employee of the Dept. of Recreation and Parks in line of duty or work as if a cop plants a tree, it's OK?"



Capitalists expect (and ENFORCE) the idea that their pieces of paper must get them a RATE OF RETURN (or earnings). If you borrow some money, you HAVE to pay back the amount that you borrowed PLUS interest. The interest is the RETURN. The RATE OF INTEREST is the RATE OF RETURN. The paper game that the capitalists play stops to work sometimes because capitalists "forget" about a little thing called progress, and another little thing called human development. Capitalists cannot understand the difference between useful and useless production in regard to human beings.

For instance, if a capitalist buys a block of slum houses, he is not really interested in their ability to pay rent to him, which he looks at as his "earnings"—never mind that fact that he didn't do any work. If a capitalist who owns slum housing recognizes a threat to his "investment," he will do everything he can to either stop the threat, or turn the threat into a new source of "earnings". Therefore, cheap, modern, new-LOW COST housing is a grave threat to a capitalist who owns slum housing. Our capitalist will either prevent the new housing from being built, or get his politician friend to arrange for the "city" to buy his worthless slum housing for a big profit (with taxpayers money from the city, state or federal treasury).

A rather cute game that capitalists and politicians sometimes play is to DESTROY housing. This allows capitalists to raise rents on the rest of their housing because of more people who need homes. More people looking for homes is called "increased demand" by the capitalists. Some very smart capitalists who own homes, cut and partition off their houses so that more people can be squeezed in. This results in increased "earnings". In Baltimore city the biggest capitalist is Mercantile Safe Deposit and Trust Company. The pieces of paper they control amount to over THREE BILLION.

The process of producing real goods is subject to the same kind of insane process only in a slightly different way. The capitalists who own industries have to keep their factories running to produce products which

they sell to get their "earnings". They seem to "forget" that the people who WORK in those factories desire a decent standard of living too. It's the paper again. When industrial capitalists cannot use their factories to produce goods that people need (like housing) at a high enough "earnings" rate (because it might interfere with his slumlord/banker friend and fellow capitalist) the industrial capitalist will produce USELESS stuff like irons for no-iron clothes, or better yet he will produce his useless goods for his customer of last resort, the government. The government proceeds to place orders for really far out crap—F-111 jet bombers that won't fly, (we don't use the liberal criticism that it won't work—if the shit DID work, that would be much worse. To hell with ALL war production) torpedoes that don't work, all types of useless and semi-useless military hardware junk, that farthest out stuff (in the truest sense of the word) is aerospace equipment—moon rockets, ICBMs, ABMs just name some initials, they make it. And the poor old working taxpayer foots the bill.

Of course this idiocy has limits, the limit of crazy capitalist paper games is called a depression. A depression happens when capitalists have created so many pieces of paper that there is not enough real production going on that produces enough "earnings" for ALL the capitalists to be paid off. This is what happens when the Penn Central Railroad bankruptcy spreads to the whole capitalist system, and they all go bankrupt. A depression is a "crisis" that is merely a collapse of the capitalist game of paper shuffling. All the industry is still here, all the raw materials are still here, all the workers and their families are still here and all the miserable decay that the capitalists have caused is still here.

We already know how to gang up on a dumb old political target. What we have to do is unite with workers, employed AND unemployed so that when we have a big enough organization, that also knows what to do, so that when the crisis comes this time, we will be ready to answer this last question:

"Why don't we take over and run the country ourselves this time?"

Kunstler To Warp Minds At U. of M.

by Ira Allen

CAMBRIDGE, Md. — The last of the red hot rednecks, Dorchester County's State's Attorney William B. Yates, II, who can't forget the fact that his country eloquence was outmatched by Bill Kunstler during the Rap Brown trial, called on the University of Maryland last week to ban Kunstler from speaking.

Kunstler is part of a freshman orientation program called "high week" which includes speeches by Strom Thurmond and William Buckley.

But Yates, who speaks at the drop of a hardhat in an hysterical screech, said that violence follows Kunstler wherever he goes. Praising Kunstler, he went on to charge the Chicago Eight defender is trying to "indoctrinate our sons and daughters whose minds aren't on these things."

But before he underestimated 'our sons and daughters,' Yates boldly and steadfastly accused Kunstler of being "as responsible as H. Rap Brown for the bombing of our courthouse" in Cambridge—an allegation that is not only irresponsible, as Kunstler put it, but absolutely without proof.

He did not say exactly what else the university won't dictate.

Yates also blasted school president Wilson Elkins, wondering, "What's a president for if he won't say no" to students.

HARRY readers are invited to send their suggestions to both Yates and Elkins.

In the interview, Kunstler also revealed he had been meeting with the Berrigan brothers in their Danbury, Conn., jail. The lawyer said he will be representing them in an upcoming legal action, but he was not specific.



"No one denies that he had the right to hold dissident views. On the other hand, it was a drag having him around."

Kunstler, contacted at home in New York, said he would be glad to share his speaking time with Yates so the local prosecutor could back up his charges and inveigh against everything to the left of John Birch himself.

But Yates refused the offer, though he said, "I'm not afraid of the boos or anything."

Certainly subjecting his illiteracy to those "kids who can't form their own ideas" would be dangerous, especially since he said that black students were among those with poorly formed reasoning apparatus.

Yates said there are thousands of better qualified lawyers than Kunstler, to which Bill laughingly agreed. But Kunstler said the students should decide whether he has anything to offer.

One of the university's nameless "spokesmen", in a rare display of autonomy, said the student government issued the invitation and that the school cannot "dictate who shall be heard and who shall not be heard on the campus."



Petty bourgeois anarchists on ego trip

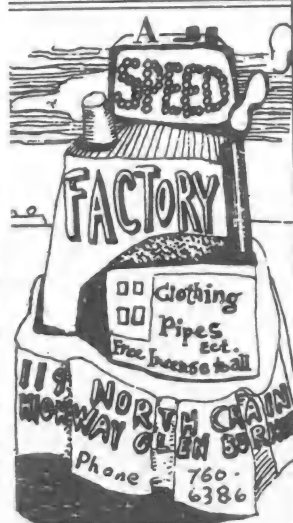
WANTED
Amateur Female Actress
For T.V. Film Short
18-30 Yrs. Of Age

(THOSE ACCEPTED FOR PARTS WILL BE PAID!)

FOR SCREENING CALL MR. GEORGE

AT 243-0075

BETWEEN 7:30 P.M. AND 9:30 P.M.



by Zeke Boyd

During the past decade the youth of this country have participated in many varied activities. The Montgomery Alabama bus boycott, the Great civil rights drive of the south, the Berkeley Free Speech Movement, the sit down strikes, the Rock 'n Roll movement, the American Hippie movement, the Woodstock "Nation", the McCarthy campaign and the nationwide May 1970 student strike, not to mention the SDS movement, the Black Panther Party and the Women's Liberation Movement...just to name some of the PROMINENT activities. So what? The great problems are still here, and we have been 'enlightened' enough to become aware of "new" issues on top of the "old" ones like the "new" Ecology issue. There are those who would argue that "we have made progress." I agree. Dig:

Despite around the clock propaganda shelling from parents, teachers, radio, TV and newspapers, youth have been able to overcome the insane capitalist notion that political activity is limited to walking into a voting booth every 2 or 4 years and pulling the lever beside the name of the candidate of your choice and this only for people 21 years of age or over. How? Well, actually it was pretty easy. In the first place, most youth cannot vote. In the second place—society is crumbling apart, and the first victims, among others, happen to be the youth, who also happen to be human beings. In the third place, just because nobody SAYS that certain organized activists are not political, does not MEAN that these activities are not political. It is normal for human beings to fight back when they get whopped on. However, capitalist society teaches everyone, except future members of the ruling class, that when you get whopped on you must take it, like "good niggers". After the relatively brief "non-violent" era, youth discarded the philosophy of being "good niggers", as being somewhat bankrupt (we'd come back to bankruptcy). We did, however, learn very well that the best political tactic to be applied in just about any given political fight was: TO GANG UP ON THE ENEMY AND OVERWHELM THEM WITH SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS. (A very important political reality; we'd come back to that too.)

As I said before, society is crumbling apart and the first victims, among others, happen to be youth. I did NOT say that youth happen to be the only victims, NOR did I say that youth would be the "elements" in society who can solve the crisis of a crumbling society. I didn't say that youth would even be the first to actively move on the problems, although there is a GENERAL TENDENCY for youth to be more active than other strata within society in all these areas.

BOOK OF GREAT SECRETS



VALUABLE MONEY MAKING RECIPES

The Key to the solution of a rotten society is intelligent, scientific, APPLIED revolutionary thought, applied, that is, through revolutionary social organizations. Where do you go to find "revolutionary" social organizations? In the U.S.A.? You can sit home, don't go nowhere, because they don't exist yet! Why? And what about all the revolutionary groups I hear about everyday?

First, the "revolutionary groups" are only POTENTIALLY



No. 6614. Holds Dimes.

revolutionary Socialist organizations. These have to be CREATED out of all the existing "revolutionary groups" PLUS (and this is a big plus) none other than the Great Silent Majority. WHAT!!!!?

If you have become violently ill (or any approximation thereof) don't worry, the reaction was in all probability due to heavy doses of false, incorrect IDEOLOGY from some of our "good friends" within today's "revolutionary groups" or the "Movement". No wipe off your chin and finish reading.

The idea that we live in a 'post-industrial, affluent society' and its equally absurd corollary, the myth of the American working class as being 'racist, brought-off, reactionary and

people, blacks, whites, browns, yellows and reds (both definitions) have a common enemy, Capitalism.

They also have common interest needs. If these general NEEDS were drawn up as a series of demands or points (like the 10 points in the Black Panther program) these demands, or this program could be used to form such an organization. If this program also pointed out how to obtain these NEEDS and where the money would come from. The huge amounts of income that capitalists "earn" is the obvious answer. Capitalists are terrified that someday we will organize around such demands. So they put together all kinds of barriers to keep us away from each other because they KNOW that when we start unravelling the lies, they won't come up smelling so sweet. The "brought-off, non-revolutionary worker" ideology is one ASPECT of Capitalist encouraged ideology which has been successful in keeping us divided. Now, check this out: 1. Blacks were brought to this country as slaves

2. Blacks were supposedly freed by the civil war

3. Blacks are discriminated against by white society

led wildcat (unauthorized) strikes against the companies AND their own official union leadership (much of which is of the sell-out type).

Revolutionary activity takes different forms and shapes for different groups according to definite time periods. What does that mean?

A student strike at an "apathetic" high school is viewed as a revolutionary change—the first time it happens. A UNIFIED NATIONAL student strike—the FIRST time, can be viewed the same way. Under "normal" conditions, students DON'T go on strike.

A "wildcat" strike can be viewed the same way. Normally, it is the job of the union leadership to call strikes, but when the union leadership is so far removed from the union rank and file

Jesus Christ is not the answer (I'll do the religion thing some other time). Capitalism works because of paper. After a period of time, Capitalism does not work because of this same paper. Here's How and Why!!

For human beings to survive in large numbers, they have to build, create and produce the things that they need for survival. Food, clothing,

YOUTH, THE WORKING

CLASS, AND REVOLUTION

non-revolutionary', both these weirdies are being thrown into the toilet bowl of history by a lot of the people who held them for a couple of good reasons. First, more and more people are searching around for this 'affluent society', among whom are ex-highly-paid technocrats, scientists, PhD's, M.A.'s, etc., who only yesterday had the myth openly exposed and denounced as a lie in the most vivid realistic terms imaginable—the nation-wide black ghetto riots. These newcomers to the welfare and unemployment rolls were added by the new recession that we're in now.

members, and said leadership is so take matters into their own hands (just like students) and call their own strikes. That's a wildcat.

When a whole population similarly gets fed up with its leadership (the government), and the whole population (or a single portion of it anyway) goes on a wildcat, the press calls this an insurrection. If the insurrection gets enough support, and is smart enough to take over and run the country in such a way that things get better for the people instead of worse, this can be called a revolution.

For this to happen here, we need to BUILD "revolutionary socialist organizations". They would be composed of people from all the divided up organizations we have now, into one huge organization, either directly or representatively. In the representative form, the people who elect representatives HAVE to have the power to immediate recall (vote OUT) anybody that they vote IN to represent them. This prevents (or at least quickly stops) lying, cheating and deal making. This means we have to form organizations of students, workers and unemployed from all over the place. An organization like this can REPRESENT every class in society (minus You Know Who) because members of every class PARTICIPATES in the decision making. But, what's the big deal, why go through all the trouble: everybody knows that when you get a big group together arguments always start, don't they? gets Correction!—

Yep. But when you are in a big fight, how many times have you seen people who were on the same side stop fighting their enemy to fight each other? That's what it's all about. All students, working people, unemployed

4. White society is therefore racist, but:

5. Not ALL whites are racist, so:

6. White people in general are racist. Question: What is the major problem of Blacks? CAPITALISM!! Not white people in general. As the Kerner-Lindsay Commission report (and many crumb-hustling black capitalist-cultural nationalists) WOULD HAVE YOU believe, as they not-so-slyly ask the question "How many black bankers do you know?" The skin color game has been very successfully used in the U.S.A. to keep people divided. But, skin color is dispensable as a dividing tool to

shelter, transportation and so on. Capitalism is an economic system that vastly increased the ability of human beings to produce such things by encouraging the concentrating of huge masses of machinery into small areas. Huge masses of people too. Capitalism dangled the reward of fabulous amounts of money (pieces of metal or paper that HUMAN BEINGS use to buy stuff to keep themselves and their loved ones alive) to encourage individual capitalists to find ways to produce more and more with less and less. Sooner or later capitalists come to the conclusion that the people who work for them are a part of the less that has to be lessened.

Why? Because of the paper. The goal of a capitalist is to use the paper that he has to get more paper. As far as the capitalist is concerned, production for human need is pe production for human need is beside the point—for the capitalist, it is the paper that counts. The problem is that the paper that he has, is definitely related to real production and real people working to produce real goods. Every piece of capitalist paper (a stock in some company, a bond, a loan certificate, a mortgage, etc.) IS SUPPOSED to represent some real value, somewhere. These pieces of paper are also SUPPOSED to represent real value BEING CREATED.



No. 6617. Holds Nickels, Dimes and Quarters.

capitalists; for instance in Ireland, the "niggers" have white skin—the name of the game there is "religion", instead of "racism". Or, go up to fine old Montreal in Canada some day. The "niggers" there are all white also—they are "Marked" because they speak French. But really, you don't have to leave Baltimore. Just go to O'Donnell Heights, or South Baltimore and see how the whites LIVE there. The main question IS the living (or dying) conditions. Capitalism cannot solve the living conditions question—but it can come up with some far out answers to the dying thing. Like, Vietnam, the H-Bomb, etc., or the less publicized ways like starvation, or smack, malnutrition (slow starvation), rotten slum housing, mind-killing schools, and on and on. Jesus Christ, why?

Secondly, the "brought-on, reactionary, non-revolutionary racist" working class is being vamped on with heavier and heavier kicks from the capitalists hob-nailed boots of: rising unemployment, skyrocketing taxes and prices, speed up and thinner paychecks. This has resulted in the formation of militant rank and file caucuses (small groups inside of a big group) who among other things have

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Baron Sumac's Miracle Cure

Like a delicious cut of thick juicy beef, a tenderly grown marijuana leaf will not be enjoyed unless the preparation brings out the natural goodness of the product.

Last week, HARRY readers were treated with instructions on how to grow healthy pot plants. It is now fitting that those readers also benefit from what one gardener has found to be the best methods of curing his harvests.

The first method yields better results when the plant has fully matured and is entirely uprooted; the second when you only want to pick a few leaves from a still-growing plant.

When the plant is fully grown, sever the stem as far down near the soil as possible and then hang the uprooted plant upside down in some out-of-the-way place.

One suggestion is to attach a string to the base of the stalk and tie it to the hanger rung in the closet. It is important that the plant be upside down so that the precious sap in the stalk seeps into the leaves.

Let the plants rest undisturbed for a few days, until the leaves dry out and their green color dulls into a faded brown. In cold, damp climates you may have to wait a bit longer. But your patience will be well rewarded.

When the leaves become dried, just crumple and smoke.

If you wish to sample the plant before it is fully matured, but do not want it killed, it is best to pick leaves from scattered parts of the plant. Be careful not to pick too many of the biggest leaves at the top, since this will stunt the plant's growth.

A good plant will be potent after only two or three months growth, but its yield will be greater if it is not plucked of young leaves until the end of the third month. If pruning is moderate the plant will grow to its full height.

To cure individual leaves as opposed to an entire plant, it is best to

use the over method. This is not only much faster than air drying, but if done correctly will also give you better grass.

Keep in mind that the air cure is designed to use the sap contained in the stalk. But leaves picked from the stem before curing have only that vital syrup which is already inside them. Proper oven curing will keep it from escaping.

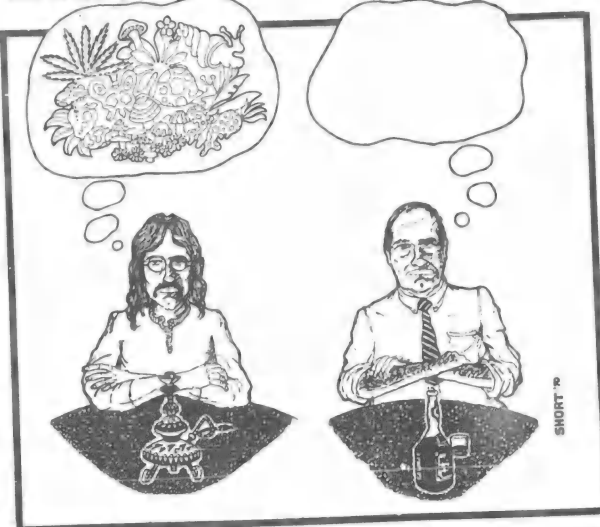
To begin, place the oven on a low heat, from 250 to 300 degrees.

You can just place the leaves on a baking tin and put them in the oven for five or 10 minutes until they become crisp.

However, best results are achieved by taking a little more care and completely sandwiching the leaves between a folded piece of tin foil. Not only will the harvest be protected from burning, but more sap will be trapped inside the leaves, increasing the strength of the smoke.

Check the grass after about five minutes to see if the leaves are thoroughly dried out. When they crumple they are ready to cool and serve.

I have found that oven-dried leaves will be much more brittle and will smoke smoother than those cured at room temperature. But whichever method of curing you use, home-grown dope is not only more satisfying to smoke, it is also more economical.



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Dedication: This album is dedicated to the people in our struggle to bring sanity to the world now!; to NASA for getting the people to the moon, thus giving the world a new chance to expand together universally in peace; to Johnny Cash & Paul McCartney for their integrity in times of darkness; and to President Nixon: "We love you cuz you need it." Peace, brothers & sisters, music proves that there can be peace of mind even in these trying times. It is the gentlest form of communication, so we hope that you will enjoy these songs and that you'll pass this copy on to a friend when you've "Gotten the Message." Steve Miller

STEVE MILLER BAND Album Titled: NUMBER FIVE



PANTHER HOSTAGE

by Severne MacShaine

John Clark, kidnapped Baltimore Black Panther Party Defense Captain, now, after four weeks, is still in the Los Angeles County jail pending several hearings while under an unreduced bail fixed at \$10,000. In view of the success so far in getting Clark out of jail it seems as though it will be a long struggle with many legal hassles.

Malika Clark, John Clark's wife, is perhaps the most effected by the suddenness of his departure. She recalls that her husband left for what was to have been about a two hour hearing in a Baltimore City court. When she heard from him again he was on his way to California under guard by Valdez the bailbondsmen. 'it was a horrible experience, especially the first two weeks. I could not even think. I just took care of the baby,' she said. Malika talked to John only a couple of times, but has received letters. Friends in California who have visited John say that he writes her nearly every day but Malika notes that a 'recent' letter dated August 10th by John did not arrive until August 22nd although it was sent airmail. Malika feels that such a hold-up in communications with John is but a glimpse of the difficulties involved in helping him.

The case of John Clark is a complicated one which can not be easily explained because of the number of charges and different dates and hearings. On August 18th Clark went before a panel for a probation hearing. 'Since this time,' Malika says, 'his bail has not been reduced from \$10,000, nor can he be bailed out even if he had the money. The judge at the hearing placed a hold on John because he failed to appear for a hearing and broke probation.' Between September 24 and December 12, Clark was incarcerated here in Baltimore because of the warrant they had out for him in California. Later Clark was stopped for a license check in New Jersey. No records were found for any warrants out against him anywhere in the country. Malika says, 'John came home and told me the charges had been dropped since there was no record of a warrant.'

The custom by which the

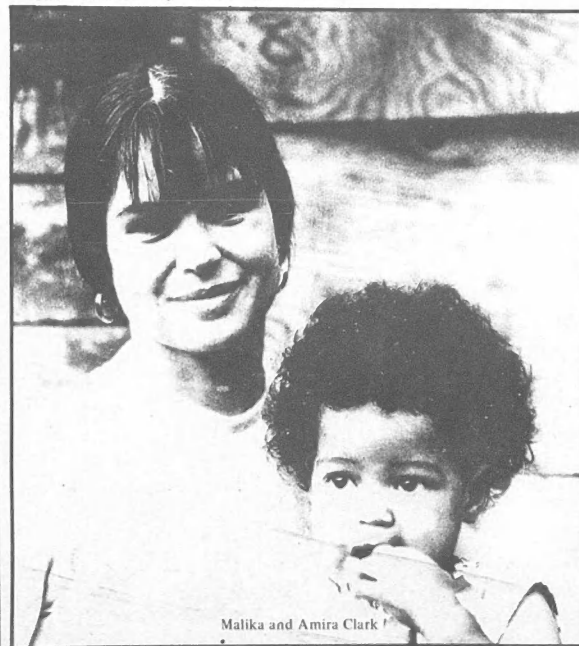


John Clark

bailbondsmen took Clark back to California was established in 1873 in the case of the State of Connecticut vs. Taylor. Malika Clark expressed the hope that 'the American Civil Liberties Union will attack this ruling since it is not even a law and it is doubtful that the decision is constitutional.' This might be done by 'originating the case to federal court and contesting the way it was done.' Nelson Kandel, presently John Clark's lawyer, has written a letter to the Los Angeles branch of the ACLU asking that they take it to the federal courts as a violation of Clark's civil rights by the government.

Valdez's offer to get Clark out of jail for \$850 is misleading by its very statement and in any event, Valdez cannot get Clark out of jail. The \$850 is what Valdez figures it cost him to bring Clark back to California. According to Clark's wife, Valdez has told her that "Sooner or later John will have to pay it. If John would pay this before the court ordered him to, it would show John in a better light. Before getting any money together Malika says, 'I would have to hear from John first. I don't know if that claim is factual or not.'"

Malika Clark concludes that her husband's abduction is a very shattering thing, in that "Just when you think there is nothing on you and then something terrible drops on your head...well, there are just no words to explain it."



Malika and Amira Clark

Goin' Bye Bye

(LNS) When a soldier goes AWOL, the Army quickly puts a number of people on the look-out: the MPs at his base, the local police, the police in his home-town, and the police in any other town where it is thought he might go (for instance, the town where his wife or girl-friend lives).

After he has been gone 30 days, he is listed as a deserter and these same police forces will be notified once again. (Being listed as a deserter doesn't have anything to do with whether or not he is prosecuted for desertion; it is just an administrative classification.)

At this point the FBI gets all the information and distributes his name to police forces through-out the country.

Most deserters are apprehended without any effort on the part of the authorities. They either turn themselves in or make fatal mistakes which land them in the hands of the local police force. If a deserter does not turn up after a few months, the FBI may send an agent to question members of the family and in other ways search for the man. If he is still not found they may repeat the attempt to find him later.

(A deserter who has a security clearance should not expect to be treated in so casual a manner. The FBI will get notice immediately after he disappears and they will actively search for him.)

Deserters who stay in the U.S. are often caught for the following reasons:

*They go to their hometowns or the places where their families or girlfriends or wives live. Their families, friends, or neighbors turn them in, or the local police recognize them.

*They stay near bases where they were stationed. They go near other military bases and are spotted as "military."

*They are questioned or picked up by the police on another matter. This often happens because of their neighborhoods, companions, activities, or ways of dress which attract cops. Or

it happens because they are picked up on traffic offenses, for hitchhiking, or similar things.

*They wear military jackets, boots, or other easily spotted clothing.

*They carry their military I.D. in the same place as the civilian I.D. they are using or keep it someplace where it can be discovered. (It is best to keep the military I.D. available, however, to prove you were AWOL and not deserting if you are caught.)

*They let family or friends know where they are living usually by writing letters which give their return address or which carry the post-mark of the city they are living in.

*They tell their stories to people they meet.

*They give confused or contradictory answers when asked about their draft status or about what they have been doing in the recent past—instead of having a simple story ready.

*Some may get caught because they file income tax returns under their own names and use their old social security numbers—instead of changing their names or changing the spelling of their last names and then getting new identification and social security cards. (Anyone who lies on a social security application could be prosecuted for that and sentenced to up to 5 years in jail.)



Quotation of the Day

"To these people who constantly say you have got to listen to these young people, they have got something to say, I just don't buy that at all. They smoke more pot than we do and if the younger generation are the hundred thousand kids that lay around a field up in Woodstock, N. Y., I am not going to trust the destiny of the country to that group."—George Meany. [43:4.]



NARCS PLANT SMACK, BUST RADICALS

by Thomas V. D'Antoni

On August 21 at eight p.m. 25 city narcs led by Officer James C. Dugent broke into the home of Cheryl and Philip Cacano with automatic shotguns and pistols drawn, planted a quantity of dope and busted the two along with Paul Pittman for possession and operating a common nuisance.

The police said they found a quantity of heroin, and paraphernalia. Philip Cacano said that this is a lie. "We don't relate to smack! The house has been clean for three weeks. In fact, a few days before the bust, I went looking around the house for some dope to smoke and I couldn't find any."

Philip feels that the bust was political because he has been working with the Baltimore Black Panther Party and because he was a participant in the first plenary session of the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention at Howard University in early August specifically, and for his politics generally.

Pittman, who also lives in the house located at 1705 Wendemere Rd., was downstairs waiting for friends when the police arrived. The Cacanos were upstairs in bed when the narcs entered their bedroom and ordered them to get dressed. Although there was a matron with the police, she waited downstairs and the male police "searched" Cheryl and watched her get dressed.

The search warrant was not signed by a judge. I always thought police had to go through a judge to obtain a warrant. I guess it's different for Panthers, radicals, and freaks. I know it is. We have no Constitutional guarantees. The police can do what they like.

Once they were downstairs, the three were handcuffed and forced to wait forty-five minutes while the pigs "searched" the house. According to Philip, they really didn't search the house at all. "They didn't move a picture, they didn't move the cushions on the couch. They didn't look in the obvious places," he said.

This would appear to indicate that the narcs weren't looking for anything, that they brought all the dope with them.

Philip asked the police, when they

OPERATIONS BUREAU
SEARCH AND SEIZURE WARRANT
POLICE DEPARTMENT Form 67 / 187

SUPREME BENCH
OR
MUNICIPAL COURT
OF
BALTIMORE CITY

TO: Any Police Officer of Baltimore City:

Affidavit having been made before me by (a) Officer James C. Dugent of the Area
Affiant — Name and Rank

III Narcotic Unit that he (has) has (have) reason to believe
(in the person of) 1705 Windemere Ave. a two story one family wood
that (on the premises known as) (b) frame and gray asbestos shingle dwelling house
(in the vehicle described as) (cross out items not applicable and describe person(s), premises or vehicle)
with the number 1705 Affixed to same, being rented, owned or occu

by Mr. and Mrs. Acano
in the City of Baltimore, there is now being concealed certain property, namely; (c) _____

Narcotic Drugs
(describe property to be seized — use continuation sheet if necessary)

Dated this (e) _____ day of _____ 19 _____

SIGNED _____

JUDGE

were about to be taken to jail, where they'd found the dope. They said they'd found it in the bedroom. Cheryl asked them the same question later. They told her they'd found it in her handbag. The Sunpapers asked the police where they'd found the dope (the Sunpapers did not talk to the Cacanos of course) and the police told them they'd found it on the mantlepiece. It seems the police can't get their stories straight.

According to Cheryl, "We weren't informed of our rights. We didn't find out the charges until 7:40 the next morning when we read the paper."

Of the articles seized, only the papers, the gun (registered), the holster, the shells, the tear gas pen, and the two magazines belonged to the Cacanos or to Pittman. The Cacanos insist that all the rest was planted.

One of the paperback books incidentally, was an army pamphlet concerning the EFFECTS of biological warfare on people, animals, and plants. The Cacanos got the book from G.I.'s United. Just before the hearing Philip overheard one of the detectives tell Judge Howard Aaron that the book contained information on "how to make incendiary bombs."

Philip said that bail was set at

\$3,000 each in court, but raised to \$5,000 each later after the hearing.

Their trial is set for either September first, second, or third. They're not sure. First they were told September first, then they were told the second. Then the Sun said it was the third.

The police came down on the Panthers in June. Perhaps their supporters (in Baltimore) are next.

I don't have to go into a long political rap about this. You're smart enough to draw your own conclusions.

But it makes you want to go out and do something drastic. Like a revolution.

WE'RE IN THE TOP TEN AGAIN!

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS)—Angela Davis, Communist, Black Panther and revolutionary sister has been placed on the FBI's 10 most-wanted list. When three of the liberation weapons used in the Marin County Courthouse escape attempt were traced to Angela, she was charged with murder and an all-out search for her began.

Reports of Angela's whereabouts range from Canada to Birmingham Alabama where a housewife reported seeing her in a supermarket.

The night before the funeral of Jonathan Jackson, police raided the Soledad House in San Francisco, using the search for her as their flimsy pretext. Jonathan was the 17-year-old black revolutionary killed along with a judge, a DA and two of the three prisoners from San Quentin he was attempting to free in a spectacular

kidnapping plan.

Thirty heavily armed cops, most of them in plainclothes, forced their way into the house. With no warrants, they ransacked the building, stole tapes, letters and posters, and took Fania Jordon, Angela's sister, down to the station house for "questioning". The police of course deny that they stole anything; but they also make no pretense that their search was legal.

Soledad defense lawyer Fay Stender said afterwards that the missing taped interviews with George Jackson were vital to his defense and that their theft would seriously hamper the defense action in the case. George is a prisoner at Soledad Prison where he and two other black activists were picked out to be prosecuted for the fatal stabbing of a prison guard, killed a few days after a tower guard

fired into a crowd of inmates, killing three blacks.

Lawyers say the theft of the tapes,

on top of the incredibly heavy adverse publicity caused by the Marin County shootings make a fair trial impossible.

WANTED BY THE FBI

INTERSTATE FLIGHT - MURDER, KIDNAPING

ANGELA YVONNE DAVIS

Photograph taken 1969

Photograph taken 1970

FBI No. 867,615 G

Alias "Tami"



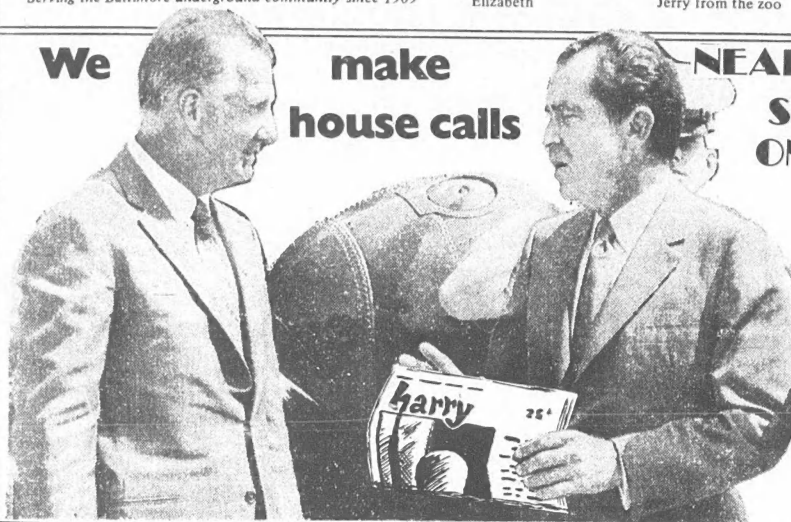
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LETTERS

Dear HARRY

Mr. John J. Bruns 3rd, of Anne Arundel County placed first on the Civil Service list, but has been refused a job as a Baltimore City Pig because he admitted in his application that he belonged to Pine Tree Associates, a nudist club.

Mr. Pomerleau, testifying in a subsequent damage suit brought by Mr. Bruns, said that due to the fact that Mr. Bruns belongs to a group which gets together now and again to partake of the fresh air, he cannot become a pig because nudism is "not an acceptable moral standard for law enforcement personnel."

This is just another example of the fascist xenophobia of the American establishment. Anything about a man which might make him the least bit unusual marks him for suspicion and ostracism.

Perhaps Mr. Pomerleau might be right if nudist colonies were the steaming orgy pits of exploitation, prostitution and sadism, like the ones Mr. Pomerleau reads about in his copy of STAG or MEN'S TRUE STORIES, the fictional products of third-rate hack writers in these trashy pulp magazines.

But Pine Tree Associates is a reputable and nationally known group, centering its activities on healthy family life. Being a nudist in a responsibly run camp requires a great deal of sophistication and inner serenity. Deviants are not tolerated. Considerable evidence shows that families who have spent time in nudist camps are more stable, partners more faithful, in short, they are less hung up (no pun intended) and therefore more "normal" than the society at large.

Have you ever considered being a nudist, Mr. Pomerleau? Probably not. You don't seem like the kind of man who would ever for the tiniest fraction of a second entertain in your mind the possibilities of an alternative to your present life-style.

But come on now, Mr. Pomerleau of the world, just for fun, let's think about it for a while. Think of yourself, wife and kids outside your trailer in some wooden glade, broiling a steak over charcoal, all of you are in the

nude. Possibly you have the neighboring family over, too. All is quiet, friendly, cheerful, relaxed; in fact, no one has clothes. GODDAMN IT POMERLEAU, GET THAT SILLY GRIN OFF YOUR FACE! All right, all right, go back to your beer and Orioles game. I might have known it wouldn't be any use.

Gee, if only Mr. Bruns would choose a more conventional recreation; bowling, perhaps, or the Knights of Columbus. But since no pig has even thought about nudism except with a leer, they are not going to try to understand it; and what they don't understand they don't approve of, because they are afraid of.

All power to Mr. Bruns. Baltimore needs some good nudist pigs.

Cam Ong

Dear HARRY

Here is some stuff to print. Station WAYE(86.am) has a little good music and some bad. If you can live through Hendrix doing our national anthem and Yummy Yummy Yummy and stuff like that, you'll come across good music. WHMC(1150am) is hard to get(Gaithersberg) but has good music.(It was the first "progressive rock" station on the east coast) Listen on the radio for "Little things mean a lot at Hot Shoppes Jr." features Grace Slick, Spencer Dryden, Lonnie Turner and Nicky Hopkins(who also wrote it). Tell the freaks in Randallstown to sell papers. I read HARRY at the library. Don't listen to the pigs. If they don't like HARRY then they shouldn't read it!

Jamie Morris

Dear HARRY

Everyone is asking "What's wrong with the world?" Or most of the people I know ask me that question. One of the main theories is that we are going too fast. Yes, the freaks are to blame, the rednecks are to blame, as are the whites, the blacks and everyone who lives within our society. If you drive a car you are to blame. Speed limits on our highways have risen 20 mph in the past 20 years.

Meanwhile we kill 55,000 people a year on the highways. In the cities our cars and buses transport us to and from the factories where we make more cars and buses or any of the other items which help us go faster and more "conveniently". On our highways cars can't go less than 40 mph for their own safety. But is it really safe? We run from one place to another and make decisions in split seconds. No wonder our public officials can't make the right decisions. Something that used to take months to decide must now be thought out and decided in minutes. It results in pollution, the birth rate, the bomb, and many other things that we can't cope with. I think we are seeing the world's society beginning to disintegrate. It may end in death or merely total chaos. If all the people—freaks, whites, blacks, or whatever would sit down and disregard race, nationality, philosophy and all that bullshit then possibly we could work things out. But man is not that type of creature so I can't put my faith in survival. So if America will excuse me I will live out my existence formulating the only philosophy possible, the philosophy of doom.

Peter Heyrman

Dear HARRY

I am writing about the article on Socialism by Don Jackson in No. 19. It showed how superficial the author's understanding of Socialism/Communism. The statement that "workers means hardhats" is ridiculous. A worker is someone who makes a contribution to society. D. Jackson is making a contribution. The other statements are completely wrong. True communism's only goal is to make the individual free to do what he wants to in a beautiful place.

Steve Johnson

Dear HARRY

I have bought a couple copies of your paper, and I want to tell you that I think it is the best paper. I'm one of your lucky readers, because my father doesn't mind if I read HARRY. A lot of my friends' mothers and fathers

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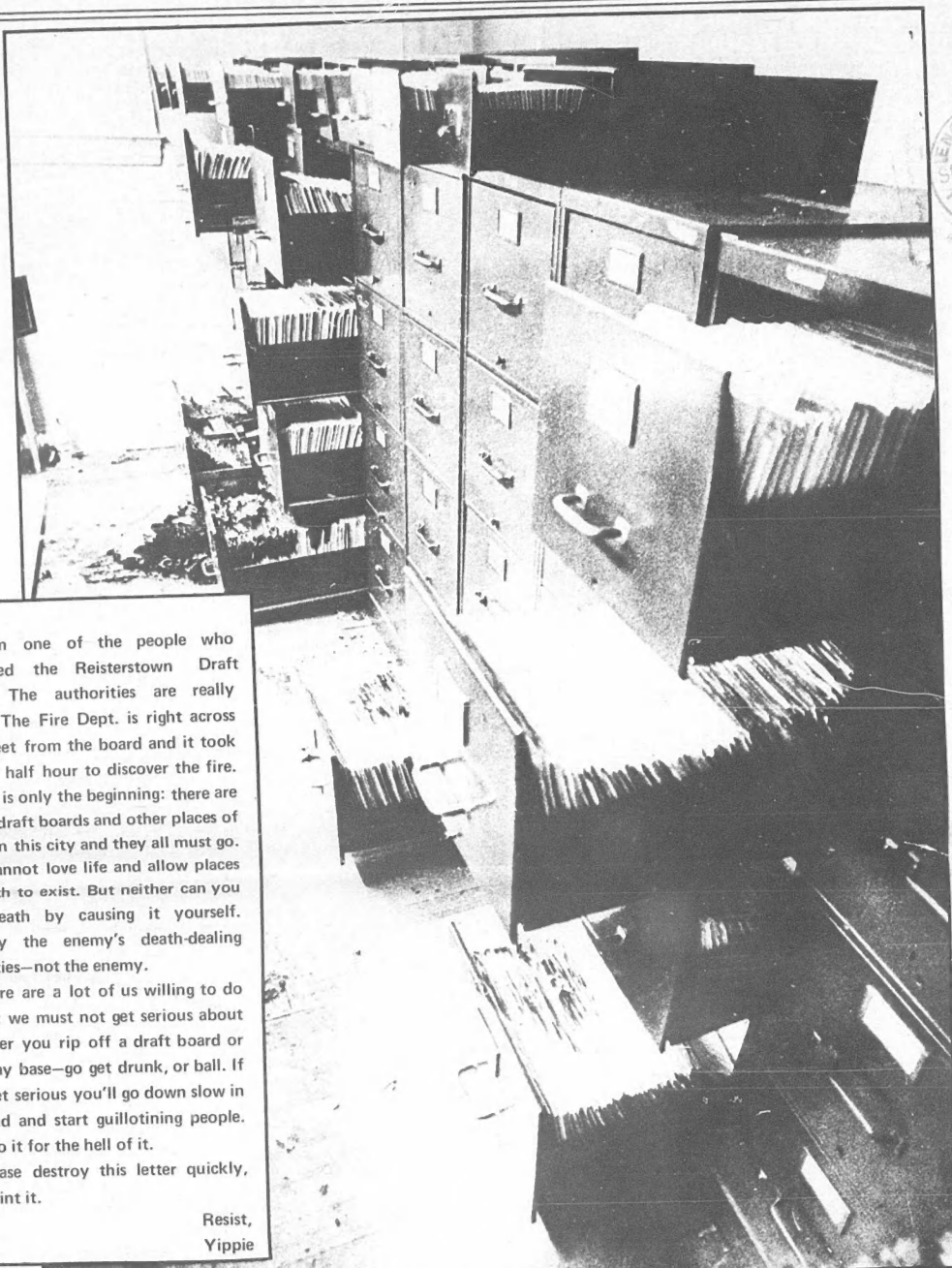
won't let them read it. As a lady up the street said, "It's a terrible newspaper. You can read the same thing in the Sun paper." I think she is wrong. I will try to buy a copy of HARRY every time it comes out.

Your reader, Louis Jacobson

Dear HARRY

Noticing that you let the Nazi recruit through your ad columns, I suddenly became curiouser and curiouser about what your politics are. Then I came across your "Socialism and Materialism". My curiosity was satisfied with a vengeance!

Anti-Nazi



Hello,

I am one of the people who destroyed the Reisterstown Draft Board. The authorities are really stupid. The Fire Dept. is right across the street from the board and it took them a half hour to discover the fire.

This is only the beginning: there are lots of draft boards and other places of death in this city and they all must go. You cannot love life and allow places of death to exist. But neither can you end death by causing it yourself. Destroy the enemy's death-dealing capacities—not the enemy.

There are a lot of us willing to do it. But we must not get serious about it. After you rip off a draft board or an army base—go get drunk, or ball. If you get serious you'll go down slow in the end and start guillotining people. Just do it for the hell of it.

Please destroy this letter quickly, but print it.

Resist,
Yippie

STUART BAKER SAYS

Only You Can Prevent Draft Board Fires

by Thomas V. D'Antoni
Stuart Baker of Reisterstown, Md. is facing a grand jury indictment on charges of conspiracy, destruction of Federal property, and violation of the Selective Service Act of 1967 in the August 25th fire at the Selective Service Board at the Masonic Temple in Reisterstown which destroyed a large number of draft records.

Baker was busted on the 27th by two FBI agents along with John J. Rimes, III, and Baker's brother Richard. Rimes has been charged with the same crime; however, after making a statement to the feds, the younger brother Baker was not charged.

Stuart, 19, was released on \$1,000 bail and will be allowed to return to

Centre College in Kentucky this fall



where he is a sophomore majoring in government, philosophy, and economics.

Speaking of the bust itself, he said that the FBI treated him well, although they harrassed his mother some before the bust. "I was taken to the Post Office (FBI Headquarters) after dinner had been served to the prisoners, but agent Ronner went out and bought me a sandwich."

He said that the FBI really freaked when they searched his room and discovered a painting of Trotsky on one wall and pictures of a Soviet and a Chinese with the words, "What this country needs is a good pair of 89 cent underwear" next to them. The words were in Russian and Chinese.

He describes himself as a YIPPIE! "I love Abbie, but Jerry takes himself too seriously," he further describes his politics by saying, "I think everybody should be decadent!"

Baker's lawyer Donald Daneman is working toward a trial sometime in next year. He expects the grand jury indictment to be handed down sometime this winter.

He has filed with his local Selective Service Board for a Conscientious Objector's status. His local board is located at the Masonic Temple in Reisterstown.

Stuart needs bread to cover his legal fees. Any size contribution will be appreciated. Send the bread to HARRY and we'll see that he gets it.